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Little Current	37
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Brantford	37
Orangeville	37
Temple	37
Kinnear	37
Fenelon Falls	37
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AST vs. WEST.

-WEST PROVINCE.

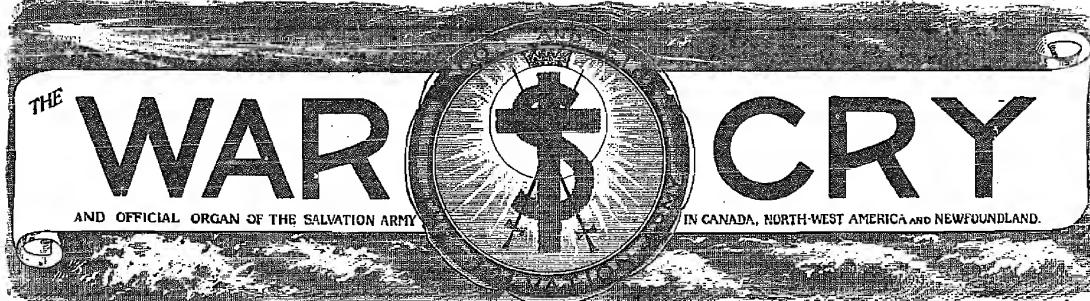
30 Hustlers.

Winnipeg	165
Edmonton	105
Calgary	55
Medicine Hat	74
Jes. Brandon	63
Brandon	51
ord, Brandon	50
y, Portage la Prairie	50
Grand Forks	31
Portage la Prairie	30
la, Dauphin	48
Lethbridge	46
O'Neil, Winnipeg	45
ey, Valley City	44
stone, Prince Albert	42
er, Fort William	41
et, Grand Forks	41
Carberry	40
ry, Selkirk	40
ister, Regina	39
Devil's Lake	37
Port Arthur	37
Souris	37
Port Arthur	37
Fort William	36
Lethbridge	35
Winnipeg	34
Parker, Minot	33
Grafton	32
berg, Oakes	32
l, Devil's Lake	31
Minnedosa	31
Emerson	31
er, Moosomin	30
ton, Calgary	29
er, Minot	29
mond, Winnepe	29
man, Winnepe	29
we, Morden	29

-EAST PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Nelson	200
Spokane	185
Columbus, Great Falls	175
Billings	170
Victor	175
Hooker, New	170
Roseland	92
Vancouver	90
Revelstoke	92
Livingston	91
Anaconda	91
Anaconda	51
Helena	51
Helena	51
Victoria	50
Lewis, Victoria	50
Vancouver	49
Rosewall	48
Missoula	48
Missoula	48



16th Year, No. 47.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"ISHMAEL . . . a wild man; his . . . hand against every man, and every man's hand against him."

(See article on p. 4.)

THE WAR CRY.

** OUR **

INDIA RELIEF BANK.

What We are Doing to Help the Famine
People After the Monsoons Come.

By MAJOR NIRBHITA.

The existing relief operations for the feeding of the starving people, which are on a large scale, would only prolong the sufferings of the people, were it not that steps are also taken to supply them with the necessary means to enable them to cultivate their lands.

All our people go in for cultivation in the monsoons, but the famine having dictated them of their resources, will leave their fields uncultivated, not for the want of rain, but for the want of the means to get the land under cultivation. To meet this the Army has now opened in twenty-eight of the most distressed villages Industrial Relief Banks, and 750 families have already been advanced small sums of money. This will guarantee the cultivation of their fields at the least, the proceeds of which will keep them going till the next season. We need not say that this has been very much appreciated. Hundreds have lost their ploughs, cattle, and buffaloes, and the advance received from the Army will help them through this difficulty. It is estimated that in Gujarat alone 1,300,000 head of cattle have died.

What Our Army Banks Do.

The Relief Banks here just step in to their aid. The sums advanced may not seem very large, but are sufficient to help the people through. For example, "A" took a loan of fifteen rupees to purchase a bullock. He would not get a very good one for that price, but sufficiently good to do all his ploughing for this season.

Then, again, another family is in need of both a bullock and a plough. They have a small field, but are not in a position to purchase these. They borrow a few rupees from a Relief Bank so as to enable them to hire a bullock and plough from another cultivator, and sow their fields with a winter crop.

In the Panjab Malaks, where the distress has been the greatest, the Relief Banks have come as a boon to our poor Bill soldiers, who seem to have faced the hardest. The loans from the Relief Banks will ensure them their makan (mizage) at the least, as they are not at all given to rich grain stores. Several, after receiving their advances, started off immediately with lightened hearts some eighty miles, where cheap bullocks were to be had.

Unscrupulous Snylocks.

The greatest blessing from these Banks has been to save people from the hands of the money-lenders. This degraded set of human blood-suckers generally advance seed by weight, and in harvest time take double the amount. They are there in person to demand it, and before the cultivators taste the fruit of their labors, the bula make sure of their share. But this will not be the case this year. The Army has taken in hand the interests of the distressed people, and there are no fears now of their having to borrow at fifty per cent. or more.

What better way to invest £50 or £100 than this of inspiring those poor cultivators to rally after the terrible blow dealt them by a famine without parallel in the memory of man?

Cast Out.

Heaven-born revivals provoke hell-born opposition. There are battle-fields where the armies of the skies meet those of the pit, whose battalions are blasphemous beyond expression. Hence there are genuine revivals which provoke opposition from natural men and from devils. At the present time, when the Prince of the power of the air is allowed so great latitude, this opposition is sometimes successful in bitterly persecuting the people of God.

In its leadership in all ages Satan has seemed to have a special preference for nominal professors of religion, who are usually the bitterest opposers of Holy Ghost revivals. Even Paul, the greatest revival preacher of the early church, with all his graces and gifts of wisdom and faith, and of wonderful divine power, was not exempt. "But the Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate, and the chief men of the city, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and cast them out of their labor." (Acts xiii. 50.) —The Revivalist.

Wanted an Escort.

A lady, Lu Liquor, called at a New South Wales Maternity Home, and wanted an officer to see her along.

"Why?" asked the officer.
"Because I am afraid for my baby." She had a four-months-old baby in her arms, and was afraid of falling with it. Taking it from her arms the officer found the woman had a box huddled up, which she said contained sugar, but which, on inspection, turned out to hold three bottles of beer. This was promptly emptied down the gutter. Next day she was very grateful for the double favor.

Heroes of the Cross.

III.—David Brainerd and the Indians.

E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

At a recent meeting, in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hammond related the following remarkable answer to prayer. We give it in reproduced in one of the papers of that city:

He said that David Brainerd in the early New England days resolved to carry the Gospel to a savage tribe of Indians in the forest fastnesses. His friends declared they should never see him alive again. He carried a little tent, under which he slept. After weary days of travel, he approached the principal village of the tribe, but tarried for a while, that he might plead with God for His blessing on his attempt to benefit those savage Indians.

He supposed that no eye but God's rested upon him; but some Indian hunters had watched him as he pitched his tent, and then, hastening to the village, had told the chief of the approaching white man. A council was held, and it was decided that he must be killed and scalped.

A party of Indians hit in a sheltered place, and waited for the missionary to come out, but Brainerd continued long in prayer. Becoming impatient, they drew nearer, and cautiously peering through the opening, they saw him on his knees. They thought he was talking with someone. Just then a great rattlesnake slowly pushed his ugly head under the tent, and crawling over Brainerd's feet and legs, reared itself parallel to the kneeling man's back as if to strike his fangs in his neck. Suddenly it drew back, as if God forbade the murderous attempt, and glided out at the opposite side from which it entered. The Indians were amazed; and slowly retreating, they joined their comrades and described what they had witnessed. Brainerd was so absorbed in prayer that he knew nothing of the snake visit, or of the savage warriors who had come to destroy him. He seemed to hear God say, "My presence shall go with thee." At length he took his Bible and went toward the village. To his surprise it seemed as if the whole tribe came out to greet him. They received him with the greatest respect, regarding him as under the protection of the Great Spirit, and concluded that instead of being hostile to this man whom God had defended from the poison of the rattlesnake, they ought to sue for peace. They listened to his preaching, and were ready to hear his entreaties to trust alone in Christ for salvation.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CARTHAGE AND CORINTH.

B. C. 179—145.

It was a great change when Rome, which to the Greeks of Pyrrhus' time had seemed so rude and simple, was thought such a school of policy that Greek and half-Greek kings sent their sons to be educated there, partly as hostages for their own peaceableness, and partly to learn the spirit of Roman rule. The first king who did this was Philip of Macedon, who sent his son Deucratius to be brought up at Rome. But when he came back, his father and brother were jealous of him, and he was soon put to death.

When his brother Perseus came to the throne, there was hatred between him and the Romans, and ere long he was accused of making war on their allies. He offered to make peace, but they replied that they would hear nothing till he had laid down his arms, and this he would not do, so that Lucius Emilius Paulus (the brother-in-law of Scipio) was sent to reduce him. As Emilius came into his own house after receiving the appointment, he met his little daughter crying, and when he asked her what was the matter, she answered, "Oh, Father Perseus is dead!" She brought out her little dog, but he kissed her and thanked her for the good omen. He overran Macedonia, and gained the great battle of Pydna, after which Perseus was obliged to give himself up into the hands of the Romans, begging however, not to be made to walk in Emilius' triumph. The general answered that he might obtain that favor from himself, meaning that he could die by his own hand; but Perseus did not take the hint, which seems to us far more shocking than it did to a Roman. He did walk in the triumph, and died a few years after in Italy. Emilius' sons were with him throughout the campaign, though still boys under Polybius, their Achaean tutor. Macedonia was divided into four provinces, and became entirely subject to Rome.

The Greeks of the Achæan League began to have quarrels among themselves, and when the Romans interfered, a fierce spirit broke out, and they wanted to have their old freedom, forgetting how entirely unable they were to stand against the power of the Romans. Caius Caecilius Metellus a man of one of the best and most gracious Roman families, was patient with them and did his best to pacify them, being most unwilling to ruin so noble a historical class; but these foolish Greeks fancied that his kindness showed weakness, and forced on the way sending a troop to guard the pass of Thermopylae, but they were swept away. Unfortunately, Metellus had to go out of office, and Lucius Mummius, a fierce, rude, and ignorant soldier, came in his stead to complete the conquest. Corinth was taken, utterly ruined and plundered throughout, and a huge amount of treasure was sent to Rome, as well as pictures and statues famed all over the world. Mummius was very much laughed at for having been told they must be carried in his triumph; and yet, not understanding their beauty, he told the sailors to whose charge they were given, that if they were lost, new ones must be supplied. However, he was an honest man, who did not help himself out of the plunder, as far too many were doing. After that, Achæa was made a Roman Province.

At this time the third and last Punic war was going on. The old Moorish King, Massinissa, had been continually tormenting Carthage ever since he had been exiled, and declaring that Phoenician strangers had no business in Africa. The Carthaginians, who had no means of defending themselves, complained; but the Romans would not listen, hoping, perhaps, that they would be goaded at last into attacking the Moors, and thus giving a pretext for a war. Old Marcus Porcius Cato, who was sent on a message to Carthage, came back declaring that it would not be safe to let so mighty a city of enemies stand so near. He

brought back a branch of figs, fresh and good, which he showed the Senate as proof of how near she was, and ended each sentence with saying, "Carthage is to be wiped out." He died the same year at eighty years old, having spent most of his life in making a staunch resistance to the easy and luxurious fashions that were coming in with wealth and refinement. One of his sayings always deserves to be remembered. When he was opposing a law giving permission to the ladies to wear gold and purple, he said they would all be vulgar with one another, and that the poor would be ashamed of not having as good an appearance as the rich. "And," said he, "she who blushes for doing what she ought, will soon cease to blush for doing what she ought not."

Our wonders he did not see that to no enemy had at hand to guard against, in the very worst time for the hardly plain old ways he was so anxious to keep up. However, Carthage was to be wiped out, and Scipio Emilius was sent to do the terrible work. He defeated Hasdrubal, the last of the Carthaginian generals, and took the citadel of Byrsa; but though all hope was over, the city held out in utter desperation. Weapons were forged out of household implements, even out of gold and silver, and the women twisted their long hair into bowstrings; and when the walls were stormed, they fought from street to street and from house to house, so that the Romans gained little, but ruins and dead bodies. Carthage and Corinthus fell on the same day of the year 170.

Part of Spela still had to be subdued, and Scipio Emilius was sent thither. The city of Numantia, with only five thousand inhabitants, endured one of those long, hopeless sieges for which Spanish cities have, in all times, been remarkable, and was only taken at last when almost every citizen had perished.

At the same time, Attalus, King of Pergamus, in Asia Minor, being the last of his race, bequeathed his dominions to the Romans, and thus gave them their first solid footing there.

All this was after Roman numbers much. Weak as the Greeks were, their old doings of every kind were still the admiration of every one, and the Romans, who had always been rough, straightforward fellows, began to wish to learn of them to imitate. All the wealthiest families but Greeks fancied that the Greeks were the best, and expected them to talk and write the language, and study the philosophy and poetry till they could be as familiar with it as if they were Greeks themselves. Unluckily, the Greeks themselves had fallen from their earnestness and greatness, so that there was not much to be learnt of them now but vain deceit and bad taste.

Rich Romans, too, began to get most absurdly luxurious. They had splendid villas on the Italian hillsides, where they went to spend the summer when Rome was unbearably hot, and where they had beautiful gardens, with courts paved with mosaic, and fish-ponds for pet fish, for which may had a passion. One man was laughed at for having shed tears when his favorite fish died, and he retired by saying that it was more than his accuser had done for his wife.

Their feasts were as luxurious as they could make them, in spite of the laws to keep them within bounds. Dishes of nightingales' tongues, of fat dormice, and even of snails, were among their food; and sometimes a stream was made to flow from the table, containing the living companion of the mullet which served as part of the meal.

Praying to the Clothes' Linca.

The ignorance of some of the lower class of women who come to our Sydney Home is appalling, and it is hard to explain to them even the plan of salvation.

"Do you know what Sarah is doing?" queried one of the most intelligent inmates.

"No," replied the officer.

"Well, she's praying to the clothes' linca."

"Nonsense!"

On questioning Sarah, it proved to be correct, and she explained that she was praying to the line not to fall with the clothes on.

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he did not see that to near at hand to guard a very worst thing for old ways he was so up. However, Carthage wiped out, and Scipio sent to do the terrible feasted Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian general, the Citadel of Byrsa; but he was over, the city after desperation. Weakened out of household men out of gold and women twisted their bowstrings; and when stormed, they fought street and from house the Romans gained sons and dead bodies. Corinth fell on the same year 170.

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Splendid Capture of Souls—Drum-Head Penitents—Another Soldiers' Home Opened—Colonel Seton Churchill on the Salvation Army—The Return to Mafeking
—News from Natal

We hasten to chronicle a glorious salvation victory at this South African centre this Whitsuntide. Seventy souls have been registered at the penitent form, including four at the drum-head.

Commissioner Ralton presented himself at Territorial Headquarters last Friday morning. He was warmly welcomed. Already our Whitsuntide plans were matured. Commissioner Kilbey had resolved upon a White-hot campaign, and every officer and soldier was determined to buck him up to the full. The sudden arrival from the Diamond Fields of the International veterans of a thousand fights added materially to the enthusiasm. The Pentecostal demonstrations of the past few weeks had been remarkable for power and blessing.

Over One Hundred Souls

had been captured, and this at a time of excep-tion-ally jubilation and excitement over the triumphs of the British army in the North. Through it all we had gone straight ahead in the great work in which we are engaged, and God had crowned our labours with success exceeding our fondest expectations.

As to these Whitsuntide campaigns, the Salvation Army, during recent years, at least, has never seen such crowds or congregations, and certainly new records have been established as regards actual visible results. The open-air gatherings have been enormous, and the

Drum-Head Scenes

have greatly impressed the public. Open-air flogging has been systematically carried on throughout the campaign. The Salvation meetings indoors have become the subject of general remark throughout the city. The Citadel on Whit-Sunday night was flooded with glory and salvation, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything more blood-and-blood character than the meeting on the night of Whit-Munday, when thirty-two penitents knelt at the feet of Jesus.

In all these meetings our brave League lads were prominent, and did splendid service.

Splendid Opening of Our Latest Soldiers' Home

Tommy Atkins is now in undisputed possession of the new home which the Salvation Army has provided for him, by the aid of generous outside friends, at the foot of Adderley Street, opposite the Rhodes statue, Cape Town. It is a capital institution; one of the finest, if not the finest, of its kind in South Africa. It has an abundance of reading, writing, and refreshment accommodation, and is most comfortably furnished. People of rank and influence, not forgetting the Mayor and Corporation, have well responded to the Commissioner's appeal for assistance in providing for the comfort and watching over the best interests of Tommy Atkins when off duty. Small wonder, therefore, that it has already become largely patronised since the opening on Wednesday afternoon last.

This was an interesting and important ceremony, and attracted a big attendance of friends interested in the work of the Army amongst the troops.

Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill Presided, and among others present were Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Lieut. Chester

Master, A.D.C., the Mayor and Mayoress, and other influential residents, together with Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey, Commissioner Ralton, the Chief Secretary, Brigadier and Mrs. Howe, and Brigadier Ranch.

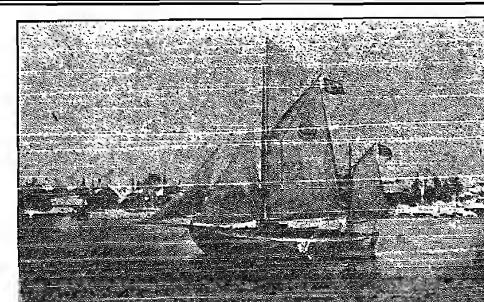
Colonel Seton-Churchill said soldiers were offered by special temptations, and therefore special means of grace and spiritual opportunity were required to enable them to lead pure, sober, and Christ-like lives, and he knew no other better institution to do that than the Soldiers' Home. He thought they should

Congratulate the Salvation Army

on providing another of these splendid institutions for the men, so that they might cultivate all that was noble and Christ-like, and avoid the temptations offered by the great garrison towns. Discipline is not everything, and by these Soldiers' Homes they appealed to another part of a man's nature, for it was not there a matter of discipline. He heartily wished the institution every success, and in doing so he was sure he might speak in the name of every officer and every soldier in the British Army who would thank him heartily for the Salvation Army's addition another home to the many that already existed in South Africa. And in winning the institution every success, he had very great pleasure in declaring the Home to be open.

Back to Mafeking.

At last we have news direct from Mafeking, after an interval of nearly eight months. None of us were surprised to hear that the barracks and quarters at Mafeking had suffered



THE S. A. LIFE-SAVING BOAT, "CATHERINE BOOTE."

THE "CATHERINE BOOTH"

Our Norwegian Life-Saving Boat

In February last, amidst a regular gale of drifting snow and bitter cold blasts, Commissioner Quigley consecrated the "Catherine Booth," and her crew of four, to their unique work of saving sailors' souls and bodies.

The mission of the "Catherine Booth" is a two-fold one; firstly, she follows the moving fishing fleet, which are often overtaken by storms that cause wreckage, for the purpose of giving help to vessels in danger, and rescuing their crews. Life-saving apparatus of every description, clothing and med-

severely from the recent bombardment; indeed, they are reported to be practically destroyed, as are also the personal effects of Capts. Quartermaster and Stevens, who, it will be remembered, had to leave Mafeking compulsorily, by order of the military authorities, only an hour or two before the first shot was fired in October last. All our soldiers and friends in Mafeking have suffered severe loss, but we have a good hope that the Government will compensate them in due course.

The destruction of our barracks at Mafeking will in no way interfere with the commencement of our work in the district. It is highly probable that by the time this letter reaches the War Cry, Capt. Quartermaster will have raised again the dear old Flag in the Mafeking Market Square. It is expected that Staff-Capt. Mayers, the Diamond Fields' Sectional Officer, will accompany Mafeking's C. O. at the outer, in which even Commissioner Ralton has promised to return to Kimberley "to hold it." The veteran representative has taken a personal interest in the Diamond Fields' fight, and speaks very hopefully of the future.

Our beloved Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey are just now fighting in Natal with all the vigor at their command. They will shortly return to the centre to set afloat new schemes for the more efficient carrying-on of our work here in South Africa.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

Our Natal Mercy Leagues.

When I last wrote it was from the empty interior of a commandoed house at Dundee. We had just rejoiced over the arrival of a loaf of fresh bread, but that joy was eclipsed when, in the afternoon, we found ourselves in possession of a tiny leg of mutton. We sat and looked at it in admiration and some perplexity, for how was it to be cooked?

A fire soon blazed in the grate, and there the leg of mutton was popped into a biscuit-tin, and we watched with anxious hearts. Well might we have feared, for when hope was highest the bottom of the tin came out! A few minutes of reckless daring followed, needs of special mention being done by Eugen Hurley; and, behold, once again—this time in a herculean effort—the leg of mutton was cooking afresh!

It was done at last, and surely no cook's heart ever glowed with greater pride than ours, when fully an hour

ago the mutton was popped into the oven, the high idealism, the hatred of meanness, the passionate pursuit of the best, the affection that was tenderly urgent rather than weakly indulgent, shone before us, and we wonder that our eyes were so long held. And as the years go by and the perspective of time lengthens, the true proportions of character, the large lines of life, become more distinct. Blessed are the dead when they live with invincibility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them.

Recognition is a matter of secondary importance to the brave, the true, and the good; but it is a matter of prime importance to others. Not to discern nobility in every form, or to suffer it to become obscured by personal peculiarities or moods, is to miss one of the richest opportunities of growth. It is well to remember that only the good believe in the good, and to the noble alone is given the power to recognize that which is noble.

before the usual time we had high tea off that log of mutton.

Porridge—from the Colonial Downsards.

The next day found us on the way to Newcastle, with a pleasant recollection that our Tout, pitched for a few days at Smith's Farm, Dundee, was doing good service by supplying the Durban Light Infantry, from the Colouet downwards, with porridge in the early hours of the morning.

Through the kindness of the magistrate, an old but airy house, utterly looted, was put at our disposal. A generous gift of coal and wood, from Mr. Fitzwilliams, enabled us to have a cheery fire, well-ugh to forget the war was not over.

We purpose having our Tent here for the present, so with hospital visiting, camp visiting, and the Tent Soldiers' Home, our hands will be full.

While Eugen Hurley was going through the hospital tents yesterday, a touching incident occurred. One poor fellow, very seriously wounded, was crying. "What's the matter?" said the Ensign. "Your S's is like home," said the poor fellow, adding, "it is so long since I have spoken to a Christian!"—Adjt. Murray.

In Remembrance.

There is something very beautiful and significant in the revelation of character which death makes. On the face of one who has fallen asleep after the work of life there often comes a deep and tender peace; it is at least the real nature of the man. If at least the real nature of the face, to discharge itself in the closing of the eyes. And these we look at the still countenance are often punctuated with the feeling that something foreign and temporary has vanished, and, like the taking away of a veil, made room for that which is real and permanent. The best men and women are so involved in a multitude of small duties that we sometimes lose sight of the goal to which they are loyally moving; they are often mis-represented by personal peculiarities and passing moods, and we fail to discern each instant the large nobility of their aims. Working in crowded ranks, in the dust, heat, and uproar of the workshop of life, we fail to discern the grandeur of beauty in those who sit beside us. But when death comes and brings its wonderful silence, all the mists and clouds vanish, and we see with clear vision. Then, in an instant, the long patient, the high idealism, the hatred of meanness, the passionate pursuit of the best, the affection that was tenderly urgent rather than weakly indulgent, shine before us, and we wonder that our eyes were so long held. And as the years go by and the perspective of time lengthens, the true proportions of character, the large lines of life, become more distinct. Blessed are the dead when they live with invincibility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them.

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The Mission of Reflected Light.

Most of the sunshine we get in life comes to us by reflection. It is given us in the brightness of the air, the sheen upon the sea, the color in the flower. What comes to us as directly as the atmosphere will allow of, is not always the messenger of joy and health. It makes us yearn at times for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. So it is in God's cloisters of Himself. This sunshine also comes to us mostly by reflection from others—in the warmth, and brightness, and color of lives. He has made to shine in the beauty of autumn, in the wisdom of inspired men, in the grand humanity of His Son. We could not endure God's direct disclosure of Himself, any more than Moses could. But we get a disclosure which is none the less real because indirect.

Not Slaves.

By WILLIAM LUKE.

Drawing themselves to their full height, the proud Pharisees said, "We were never in bondage to any man." (John viii. 33.) And all the human family plead the like freedom to-day. Slaves! No, they are their own masters. So the self-righteous know not they are hand-slaves to pride, nor the dominated to impatience, nor the carnal to lust. Thus they miss the freedom which might be theirs.

On the African shores lay a little boat, manned by five or six sturdy blue-jackets. A small island was on their right, a long island on their left; between these two islands was a narrow channel, which presented the only opening through which a vessel could come. They evidently did not wish to be seen, for their ready craft was hidden behind the end of the small island; yet they, as evidently, wished to see; for though all were asleep but one, they were prepared at a moment's notice, to spring armed to their feet. They belonged to one of H. M. S. appointed to suppress the slave trade, and were doing their mouth on the lookout for any ship that might come that way.

It was no joking matter to be hoisted up in this boat for thirty-six days or so, wearing one's clothes constantly wet and dry; and the men were not at all sorry when work relieved the monotony. Such work proved to be heavier than they had anticipated; for, before the watch had discovered the intruder, her mast and sail lounched in the narrow channel. All were alert in a second, and, as it was too late to turn and stem the swift current, the Arabs surrendered, well knowing a better scheme than attempting to fight, as the first shot would signal help from other stony Jacks, and made escape impossible.

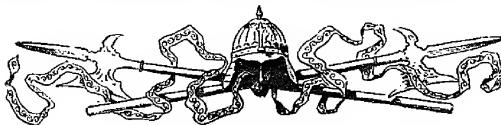
The cargo consisted of women and boys, those being of the most value; each woman representing, perhaps, ninety dollars. Smart women they were, too, arrayed in cheap jewellery, given them by their captors to pacify and deceive. Just as H. M. S. gave his captives pleasure, and trifles, and hopes, and joys; bright jewels, but minus true gems; glittering, but not glorious.

Not one of those women or boys would own they were slaves. Their deliverers had endured weeks of hardship for them, and even risked their lives; but their services were not welcomed. Why? They were not slaves, they said. Yet those sailors were morally certain they were slaves. Why did they not own the fact? The Arabs had told them horrible tales about the white men in the boats, that they would kill them and eat them, and so had represented their friends as enemies, while they themselves, the real enemies, had taken the place of friends and they not given them jewels?

How like the wiles of the devil in deceiving those "who are taken captive by him at his will." (1 Tim. ii. 26.) Christ comes "to proclaim liberty to the captives." (Is. ix. 1; Luke iv. 18.) But the captive desires he is not a captive. "We were never in bondage to any man," how sayest thou? "Ye shall be made free?" Paul argued the point in Romans v. 16: "Know ye not that to whom we present yourselves as bond-servants unto obedience, his bond-servants ye are whom ye obey?" (Rom. vii. 23.)

Had the deluded negroes confessed their real position, they would have been delivered with all the authority of the British flag; as it was, their would-be deliverers had to quit the show and leave them to their fate. Christ and His servants must act in like manner toward those who will not own they need a deliverer.

A month passed; that boat's crew were relieved, and returned to their ship. Another month came round, and they were cruising among the islands once more. The wind was such that no savers were likely to appear; so the men went for a stretch along the shore, and to harbor for egas and fowls. They were in the midst of cinnamon plantations, the short, bushy trees reaching in long lines all the way up a beautiful slope. Sud-



ISHMAEL.

(To our Frontispiece.)

In the deserts of North Africa and Asia Minor there dwells to-day a proud, lawless and distinct people known as the Arabs and Bedouins, the children of Ishmael, who claim undisputed lordship over those sandy plains over which they roam, exacting tribute from the merchants and strangers who traverse their domain. They acknowledge allegiance to no king, but the chiefs of their tribes, which are numerous. The different tribes are in constant warfare with each other, preying upon each other, and are, in fact, a living fulfillment of the angel's prediction of Ishmael's character, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

Ishmael was the child of discontent, of bondage, and of irregularity. Sarai had been grumbling because she had no children. She was not content to wait God's time, or to be without children, if God so willed it. Of course, in her days, to be childless was considered a mark of Divine disfavour, and a great disgrace to a woman. Sarai could not bear the shame, and schemed how to circumvent the decrees of destiny. She gave her maid—an Egyptian an idol-worshiper—to Abraham, that she might take away Sarai's reproach. It was a customary proceeding in those days, but, nevertheless, it was an evil, and proved so.

As soon as Hagar understood her position, she felt elevated, and "her mistress was despised in her eyes." Then the trouble began. No sooner did Sarai feel that the whole thing was coming back on her than she tried to put the responsibility upon Abraham. Her husband could not find a satisfactory way of settling the quarrel, so he gave Sarai full power to act, and Hagar was put out of the camp.

But God would not allow Abraham and Sarai to get rid of the matter of their own doing in such a way. Two wrongs don't make a right. The angel told Hagar: "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." So Hagar went back and Ishmael was born, and evidently was considered a proper boy by both Sarai and Abraham. Nevertheless, the idolatry, the secret hatred, and resentment for her mistress which Hagar had nursed, were born in the child, and it was only waiting an opportunity to show his true nature.

Isaac was born according to the promise of God, and in His time; Sarai had changed her name to Sarah. At the time of Isaac's weaning according to the ancient custom, a great feast was made. Ishmael did not like the ravi and mocked Isaac. All the old sores were opened again. Hagar sympathized with Ishmael, Sarah stood up for Isaac, and she demanded that Hagar and Ishmael be cast out. Abraham, of course, did not like this, but God told him to obey Sarah's wishes, and the thing was done. God looked after Ishmael, according to His promise, but he was an outcast from that day until this.

And the lessons of the story? Have we not raised and cherished from infancy the inbred sins which we have inherited from our parents? Ishmael has been born with us, and he has ruled our lives. Malice, and hatred, and envy, and jealousy have put us at enmity with men around us, who should be our friends. Ishmael did not want to acknowledge any restrictions of Divine law, and mocked at the thought of having Christ as Governor in the heart.

And when we, in sincerity and contrition, sought the forgiveness of God, and Christ was born in our heart as a personal Saviour, then Ishmael, the flesh, mocked Him Who crucified the flesh, and painted all that suffering and self-denial demanded of a Christian as unnecessary and wrong. To our mind his language seemed plausible, but our conscience cried, "Cast him out!" It was not until we cast Ishmael out of our lives that peace reigned.

Has your Christian experience been one of dissatisfaction and strife? Ishmael has remained in the camp! The longer he stays the stronger he grows. He is a wild and unprincipled nature. He will overcome the son of the promise while young, and assume the mastership. Heed the warning, and in all that your own conscience "said unto thee hearken unto her voice," and the peace and power of God will be yours. The offspring of bondage has no business in the camp with the son of Divine freedom. There can be no peace and harmony between the finite and the infinite, light and darkness, wrong and right, sin and purity—therefore, let Ishmael go, and retain Emmanuel.



only they came upon a group of women—the very women they had met before. Not one arrayed in jewels; their finery had been taken from them at landing, and the few weeks of hard toll had taught them the real state of affairs. Would not the white-faced sailors rescue them? It was too late! They had no power upon that island; the day of salvation was passed; the opportunity of deliverance lost.

To-day spiritual slaves may be set free. In God's name we board the devil's deck. Our King saith, "The captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." For I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." (Is. xlvi. 20.)

Who will own their bondage? "The Children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried." What happened? "And their cry came up unto God, his ransom of the bondage. And God heard their groanings." (Ex. ii. 23, 24.) Only confess the slavery of sin and liberty from sin shall be granted. "If the Son therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John viii. 33.) "He shall let go My captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts." (Is. xlv. 13.)

Consideration for Others.

No doubt much evil is wrought by want of thought. Many people with kindly hearts continually cause pain to others by mere heedlessness. They seem to have no perception of the sensibilities of those about them. They have never trained themselves to think at all of others in connection with their own words and acts. They have accustomed themselves to think only of their own pleasure, and to say and do only what their own impulses prompt, without asking whether others will be pleased or displeased. They think only of their own comfort and convenience, and never of how the thing they wish to do may break into the comfort or convenience of others.

We find abundant illustration of this in all our common life. The inner course of many homes is marred and spoilt by exhibitions of this heedless spirit. Family life should be a blending of all the tastes, dispositions, talents, gifts, and resources of all the members of the household. In each one there should be self-restraint. No member may live in a separate home with only himself to consider. He must repress much in himself for the sake of the other members. He must do many things which he might not do if he were alone, because he is a member of a little community, whose happiness and good he is to seek at every point. No household life can ever be made truly ideal by all having always their own way.

A New Use for a League's Pass

Adjt. Mary Murray, the officer in charge of the Mercy League in Natal, sends us the following little facts from the fighting in "the Garden Colony": "A military officer on the march wants a scrip of paper on which to send a note to his superior officer at headquarters. None is at hand. Suddenly a brilliant thought strikes one of our Leaguers. Stepping forward, he offers the officer his old League Pass.

"Officer: 'What's this? Salvation Army Naval and Military League?'

"Leaguer: 'Yes, sir; the other side is the best, sir.'

"Officer reads Leaguer's declaration; expresses like approval of the same, and then sends his message to headquarters on the back."

VVV

"Natal Volunteer to League Officer: 'Hello! Got a War Cry?'

"No," replies the officer. "I'm sorry to say they're all distributed."

"Volunteer: 'Well, take this five shillings, anyway; it will only go for two drinks if you don't. I'm a bit of a devil myself, but I'm glad you visit the camp; we like it!'

Every man is serving some kind of a master.

PACIFIC FORTS.

III.—SPOKANE.

Lively Times on the Streets at Night—Very Shifting Populace—Fought in the Philippines—Capt. Bennett's Memory Green—A Bicycle Thief Saved.

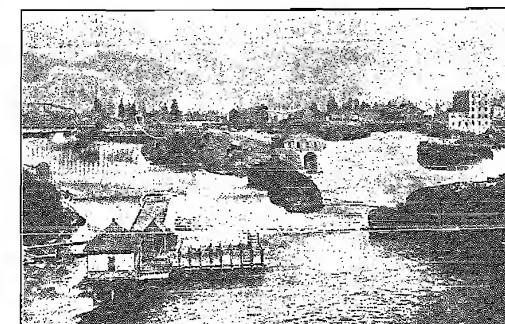
BY ENSIGN BLOSS.

CHE Salvation Army has won several opportunities in Spokane of spreading the glad tidings of salvation, as men are here from all parts of the American Continent, this seeming to be the distributing point for the great mining country, both in the State of Washington and British Columbia; therefore, it is not an uncommon thing to see the streets crowded with just the class of men the Army is after. We are very fortunate in having our hall right in the midst of the saloons and lodging houses, and night at the open-air crowds of these men congregate to listen to the story of the cross, some, perhaps, never coming into contact with the message of salvation before. Of course, the devil makes the best of his opportunity to catch and allure those who, perhaps, are out here to try and better their position in life, and many a man's hard-earned wages has slipped from his grasp as quickly as the passing away of the morning dew. In order to do this, he has many a snare laid, in the way of music-halls, theatres, gambling-holes, and places still worse, with music going on inside to attract the unwary in.

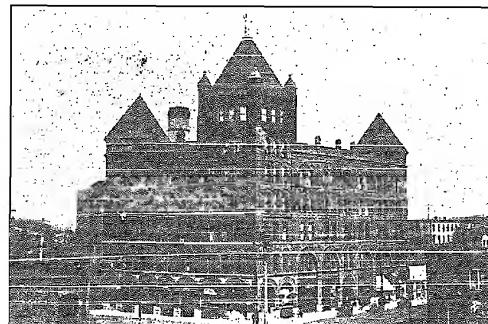
To a stranger, the heart of the city of Spokane, at about 7:30 p.m., would strike him as being rather dismal; as at that time there seems to be no end of music, noise, and allurement, and it would bewilder him at first to know what he had struck; you may see the Army on one corner, the American Volunteers on another, a theatrical band on one side of you, a shooting gallery right in front of you, with a street organ going by electricity to keep time with the shots, and

a whole-hearted surrender, yet his darkened conscience was enlightened. You don't always get people changed through the influence of mere truth.

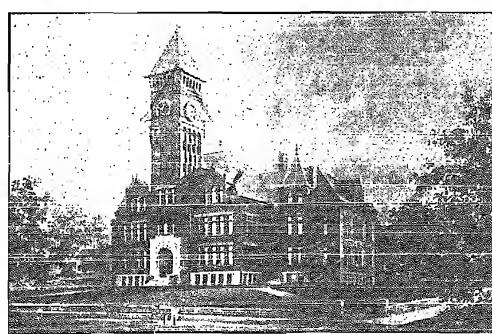
To those acquainted with the corps work, the above facts would, perhaps, cause them to think that officers in charge of such a corps are "in clover;" yet with all those advantages there are some disadvantages which tend to dishearten the F. O., and that is the Western roving spirit, making it very hard to keep a good solid body of men and women together, which is so necessary in order to accomplish the most for God and souls. For instance, you may get a man to



UPPER FALLS, SPOKANE RIVER.



AUDITORIUM AND POST OFFICE, SPOKANE, WASH.



HIGH SCHOOL, SPOKANE, WASH.

perhaps a company of Mormons exhorting a little further up street, with another theatrical band around another corner, and a few out-and-out members of some church at another stand. To stand off about a block and listen to this conglomeration of noise and confusion, which

the penitent form one night, and perhaps never see him again; or he may turn up in the course of six or eight months and give a ringing testimony to the saving and keeping power of God; or temptations may have been too much for him and he has gone under.

Yet Spokane keeps a fairly-good fighting force; there are some one hundred and fifty-six soldiers on the roll, with eighteen recruits, and they turn out well seeing so many are away all the time, as many as twenty-five, thirty, and forty, and sometimes more, going on the march.

There are a few people acquainted with the history of the corps, but who associate the name of the saluted Captain Bennett with the same. Outside of our own people she is

Remembered best by the Drunkards, Gamblers and Morphine Flunks, with whom she used to work from

morning to night, even sitting up with them and watching them until he had passed the critical point. A soldier only the other day testified that for years he had been a morphine fiend, but through her efforts, had claimed power from on high and victory through the Blood, and now had been a soldier for a good number of years, and has a good position as

passenger brakeman on the Northern Pacific Railway.

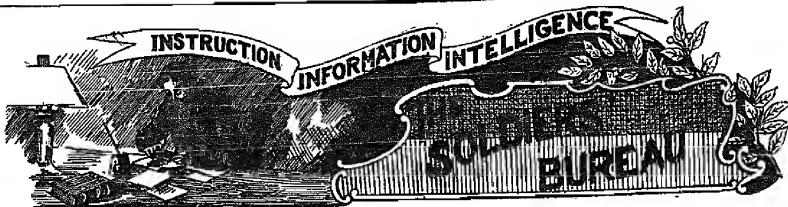
Some of her converts the writer came across away up in the gold fields of Alaska. Bro. Sly, who is still a soldier of the Spokane corps, was also converted under her. He was not one of those notorious characters, but of the "good enough" kind; he attended the meetings and began to feel his need of a change, and when reflecting over his conversion, said, "She just gave me a few moments to decide," and thank God he decided on the right side. He has been a soldier over seven years, and a contractor on the train; he is kept busy with odd jobs when working under him, building houses and carpenter work in general. You can see him every day, whether in his shop or on the rig, with the Army cap on, as he says he likes to wear it; fortunately he is not one of the moving class, but has lived in Spokane eleven years. His wife is a good soldier also.

Bro. Jensen, the Sergt.-Major of the corps, is a tall, stalwart Dane, and was converted some eight years ago, under Ensign McAfee. Perhaps our readers will remember him as the soldier who returned from Manila last Fall, having served in the 1st Washington Volunteers in the Philippines. When asked as to how he was in his

(Continued on page 13.)



BRO. SLY'S SALVATION CONTRACTOR SHOP, SPOKANE.



Terse Topics.

CONSIDERATION.

What refreshing reading is furnished by the occasional protests against the brutal inconsideration often indulged in to humor a public sentiment. With pleasure we reprint a cutting from the *Social Gazette*:

"The Horse Guards' Gazette," a soldiers' paper, makes a noble protest against "the carnival of savagery" that the South African war has introduced. Here are two extracts:

"The cost of this war, may, even the direct loss of life which it has occasioned, are as nothing to the carnival of savagery which it has called forth at the Cape. We vent to war to impose our nineteenth-century civilization on the seventeenth-century Boer." It is doubtful whether we have put the clock forward on the human race. We have certainly put it back at the Cape. All along, we of this paper, as soldiers' writing, have protested against the loathsome element of vulgar malice, rancour, and ill-repute which is being so sedulously cultivated by the greater part of the Press of the country."

"Not the least low example of the method in which the coarse taste of the mob is appealed to is evidenced by the disgraceful exhibition recently seen in the windows of a newspaper office in the Strand. In the windows of that institution I have seen the list of a Boer riddled with bullets, with the apposite inscription, 'Boer gear ventilated.' This harsh and vulgar joke naturally causes much merriment. It is a terrible thing that people cannot realize the fact that probably the poor fellow whose head had been 'ventilated' left probably a father and mother, or wife and children, perhaps in tears for his loss."

What is Most Needful.

Written for Cold or Cooling Soldiers.

My soul is often stirred as I look upon the apparent indifference of some of our soldiers. Some who once were full of fire, love, and zeal for God and dying souls are now indifferent whether their souls are saved, or whether they are damned. Once the Cross was the attraction; now it is "How can I have the best time?" or "Appear more fair" or "Make the most money?" or "How can I best please my friend, lover, or comrade?" Jesus, instead of having the pre-eminence, has to take second place.

My comrades, these things ought not so to be. We ought to be just so full of fire, love, and zeal as we ever were. Nay, more so.

Has God's Supply Run Out?

Not at all! Then what is the matter? Certainly something must be wrong. Oh, but you have confessed to your own heart many times, that you were not what you once were, and when you give your testimony you strive to give it the same old ring as when it used to come from your heart filled with love, but somehow you seem to hear a voice within you saying, "That's a lie, and you know it!"

Your joy also is gone. It is no longer a delight for you to take up the cross, talk to a fellow-worker about his soul, button-hole a neighbor and have a "person" with him, pray with him, and insist on his surrendering to Calvary's Lamb. No more do you feel like spending two or three hours in prayer, like you used to do, or, perhaps, instead of rising an hour before anyone else was astir, and spending the time in prayer for souls, you now lie and sleep, let souls

pray for themselves, or die and go to hell. You do not rush off to the barracks to be in time for prayer meeting and march now like you used to do. Possibly you excuse yourself by saying, "Let the young blood do it, I've had my time at that sort of thing."

Now, my comrade, will you not agree with me when I say

There is Something Seriously Wrong?

It may be hard to say just what has caused all this coldness and indifference, but undoubtedly it has been a neglect of prayer, or unwillingness to tell all one's sins, or else some secret indulgence is sapping away the spiritual life within you.

"Oh, you say, "I never intended to go so far. I did not expect that by just spending five or ten minutes in prayer, instead of half-an-hour or an hour, was going to create such a coldness for prayer. Nor did I think I was going to lose interest in meetings because I stayed away on Sunday afternoon. I was so tired, and Sunday afternoon marches are usually so long and tiring; the Captain seems to forget that we have been working all week and we need a little rest."

Oh, my comrades, see how the devil has got in. Of course, you never intended to backslide, but you know it cannot be said that you are red-hot and out-and-out for God and souls as once you were.

Now, I have watched many a case just like yours, and I have talked to many a one, and I have come to the conclusion that the "great trouble is

You Have Failed to Get Sanctified

when you felt the Spirit leading you to consecrate yourself for the blessing. Either the cross was too heavy, or you were unwilling to pay the price, or you did not like the prospect of losing that reputation, or perhaps it would have meant offshoring, and you held back. Oh, the numbers whom I have seen who walk up and down in the land who carry this very brand, "Might have been." Indelibly written upon them, and when I have heard their sad story, my own heart has echoed the same sad words, "Might have been."

My comrade, are you one of these, or are you just beginning to drop into that path? Oh, beware! You cannot tell how hard it is to get back again the straight path. Many have never got back again, but if you have gone this way, return to the Christ of Calvary, confess your backslidings, make an eternal consecration of yourself, take up the cross and go forward, get baptized with the Holy Ghost, and you shall still be a blessing, and no longer shall it be a drudgery to follow Jesus.

Oh, how you would gladden the heart of your officers if you were only out-and-out for God; what a cheer you might be to them if you could only be depended upon; and how the people whom you mix up with from time to time would believe in you, and you might win them for God and the Army. If you were only sanctified. Oh, God bless you, get sanctified. Consecrate yourself and everything you possess, and take up the cross, trust the cleansing Blood, and never rest satisfied until your soul is drenched with Divine love.—T. W. L.

The Divine Interpreter.

As he who reads an alien tongue unknown,
I scanned the Sacred Book with longing eyes,
Nor heard the music dawn with sweet surprise,
Nor caught the muffled voice of silence very tone
Of Him, to those who read revealed alone

Their Savlors and their Lord; since in the Syrian land
The weary pilgrim grasps an unseen hand,
And saw in deepening light the shadow of a throne.

But when God, stooping, knew my hapless intent
And whispered, "Brother, let Me real with you."
And spake, with hand in Mine, the fingered leaves."

I heard the ageless melody, and blessed.
The Love Eternal that makes all things new,
And rends Himself the curtain that He weaves.

—Edward Shillito.

What a Soldier Should Know

Getting Others Saved.

The Salvation Soldier's religion may be divided into three parts—
(a) Getting saved himself from sin and its consequences, the new birth into the family and favor of God, and all the delightful consequences that follow.

(b) Keeping saved.
(c) Getting others saved, that is, living the life of Christ ever again. Following Him; being a saviour of men.

To this latter part of his business we want now to direct attention, and to consider how he can most effectually use the gifts already possessed, or those which he may be able to obtain, in glorifying God and spreading salvation.

He may be able to do something in the accomplishment of this by fighting on his own account, praying, speaking, and working as he has opportunity; but he will see at a glance that a man will be likely to do far more good by acting in union with others who have the same character and aim, than he will by working alone.

Working with the Organization.

He will find many of the Lord's people around him organized for the purpose of saving souls, but none so completely and powerfully as the Salvation Army.

This being the case, the Army being likely to accomplish a greater amount of good than any other organization, he will be in a position to give himself right up to it. This means that he should deliberately, and without reserve, place himself at its service to be used in such a manner as will assist it the most effectually.

Why Articles of War Should be Signed.

In enlisting in the Army a soldier is asked to sign what are known as the "Articles of War," which set forth the principal doctrines that every soldier is supposed to believe, the main principles on which he is expected to act, and a brief description of the service he will have to render.

Every Salvation Soldier must consider and sign these for the following reasons:

(a) That he may understand beforehand the doctrines, principles, and practices to which he will have to conform.

(b) Thinking and praying over these Articles will help him to find out whether he really has the faith and spirit of a Salvation Soldier or not.

(c) The pledge involved in signing these Articles will bind him to be faithful to the Army in the future.

(d) They prevent many joining who are not one in heart and head with us, and who, consequently, would be likely afterwards to create dissatisfaction and division.

Two cannot walk together comfortably, or fight side by side earnestly, except they are agreed.



"Necessary to be Sanctified."

By LIEUT. KREIGER.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Mark iv. 28.

One day, while in conversation, mention was made about the present dry weather affecting the crops. "Besides," said my friend, "there has been considerable night frost of late, which does not help matters out."

"Yes," said I, "the first blade of the wheat seems to be drying up instead of growing," (wheat was just nicely coming out of the ground), and if memory serves me right, the reply was made to the effect that in some cases it did not matter, for the first blade (blade) always comes to nothing, anyway; and a good thing it is, because it gives the plant chance to take good root.

The first-born blade of the bean only lives a short season. The bean, after being planted, actually transforms itself into two leaves; but only a very small portion takes root and lives, while

The First "Brad" Dies.

In the Spring the bud of the Mac-flower is the first to put in its appearance, after which the hopeful Spring rays of the sun burst it into blossom of gorgeous beauty, but its life is comparatively short, for soon it is transformed into a kind of seed. Now, at this state of existence, the first leaf comes; then the next, then the stem comes up, grows strong and prosperous through the summer season, dies, its first fruit is hidden away, which the winter blustery howl in fury for a few months, but remains without harm unto a more glorious increase.

Is not the first coming to the peopling form, as a sinner, like the first sprout of the plant? When the spring rises out of his long sleep of a dormant, sinful winter, it is indeed very much like the seed of repentance springing up, as a plant of tender hope, throwing out the first leaf of real joy. But, alas! how tender is that leaf! It cannot stand the heat of persecution. Relentless soon appeals to the still remaining elements of anger; hence the short-lived experience of many a new convert. The spirit of the Master is, "When He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not."

Last year, while measuring some climbers, before the window at our quarters, I noticed how white and tender were those young sprouts, and after the covering had been removed a little while, and the sun beat his piercing rays down upon them, they withering withered. So it is with the new convert. He cannot cope with the storms of life. Like a little child, he has to depend on the help of someone to help him along the unknown path. How I thank God for sending His servants, when I was first converted.

To Help and Cheer Me On.

In my feeble and tottering way.
Now, the first leaf is necessary, but should not be depended upon. Many a soul seems satisfied without seeking a deeper work of grace, sanctification, which is the sign of life; and the result is the backslider's experience, sooner or later; because the first "Brad" invariably dies. We must, therefore, by the help of God, seek to start and bring into existence the real stem, the second blessing, strength and power from on high, to suffer the winds and storms of life that sweep their chilly blasts o'er us, to stand the heat of Jeer and sneer of this cruel, heartless, and friendless world; and the result will be, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight of a mole hill.

About Husbands and

3. THE HUSBAND IN SUCH A WIFE'S VIOLENTLY DESCRIMINATED COMFORTER IN ROWS.

When other husbands sympathized when old commanding faces from him, and draw their general tighter in holding the rougher.

4. THE HUSBAND FAR AS POSSIBLE HIS WIFE'S GLADNESS HIS LOT.

I can truthfully trust that what we practice, never wearied, in art or nature, of melody in music, perched a triumph in me.

May I can never had a better son with wife to share it.

And there was my experience, soon to husband and no practice them either of where true love exists. This thing means the troubling of the object of all true love who is the object of its all and longs to be on behalf of its object cause so that in a wife means for the name of his joys.

5. A TRUE FRIEND IN A TIME FULL ADVISED ITIES.

Ob, how little valuable course we prize ourselves in their wives, as confidants in all. It is quite true, Army, the vice encamped and servitors in these papers that there would be afraid the and bring woman's natural heart utterly of all our Flag.

A woman is remarkably able on the bewilder with which he would, if he who she will show considerable n.

Outside the commonly causes she is run as only his amusement nurse his children needs, or as his earnings, and beyond a wife can see in ignorance in which he live, ever, the husband to acquire the tribes and Duk the ins and out the character in the host of day, better able to day, than the ordinary

EVER-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands : Their Privileges and Duties.

3. THE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN SUCH A WIFE AS I HAVE PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED A GENUINE COMFORTER IN ALL HIS SORROWS.

When other hearts grow cold, and other sympathies are withdrawn; when old comrades turn away their faces from him, and old helpers withdraw their genorous hands, her heart will beat the faster, and creep up the closer, and her arms will cling the tighter in holding him up while undergoing the rougher experiences of life.

4. THE HUSBAND WILL, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, SHARE WITH HIS WIFE EVERY FORM OF GLADNESS WHICH FALLS TO HIS LOT.

I can truthfully say that I never trusted what was pleasant to my palate, never saw a sight of beauty in art or nature, never heard a sound of melody in music or song, never experienced a joy in friendship, never had a triumph in my work or welfare—nay, I can go further, and say that I never had a heavenly manifestation to my soul, without desiring my dear wife to share it.

And there was nothing singular in my experience. It is perfectly common to husbands, I am happy to say; and no particular credit is due to them either, on that account, for where true love—that is, real oneness—exists, this sharing of pleasant things is but the natural, and the training, of these treasures. While all true love would fain screen the object of its affection from sorrow, and longs to bear every grief on its behalf, it cares for no gladness that its object cannot know and share; so that, in a wife a husband finds the means for the manifold multiplication of his joys.

A FAITHFUL ADVISER.

5. A TRUE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN A TRUE WIFE A FAITHFUL ADVISER IN HIS PERPLEXITIES.

Oh, how little do men dream of the valuable counsel of which they deprive themselves in failing to make their wives, as far as possible, their confidants in all matters of perplexity! It is quite true that, in The Salvation Army, the views taken of women's capacities and position render the observations made here and elsewhere in these papers of less importance than they would otherwise be; still I would caution the foolish, unscrupulous, and ignorant notions about woman's natural inferiority have not been utterly extirpated from the hearts of all who are marching under our flag.

A woman is, in many respects, remarkably able to advise her husband on the bewildering secular matters with which he is ever called to deal, and, if he will give her the chance, she will show this whilom so no insconsiderable advantage to him.

Outside our ranks, this chance is commonly denied her, for in too many cases she is regarded by her husband as only a kind of toy, to minister to his amusement; or as another to nurse his children and look after their needs; or as a housewife, to see to his eatings, and drinkings, and clothing. Beyond this, he sees no end that a wife can serve; hence, he keeps her in ignorance of the busy world in which he lives and moves. If, however, the husband will condescend to acquaint the wife with the Doctrines and Duties of his Religion, with the us and oots of his Business, with the character of the men who move in the circle of his acquaintance, and the host of things that occupy him day by day, he will often find her better able to advise him to his good than the ordinary run of people whom

he consults when beset by trials and burdened by care.

WHERE THE WOMAN HAS THE ADVANTAGE.

A woman will often look at matters from a different standpoint to that taken by men. She will judge things, as we sometimes say, by her instinct, which will often simply be a keener sense of right and wrong than that possessed by men, combined with a greater readiness to face the difficulty of the present hour, although it may involve the sacrifice of a lesser gain to compass a greater future good. In other words, the true woman will care less for consequences and more

forth their generosity. What narrow, miserly, shrivelled-up beings they would become but for the compulsory demands of children made upon them by wives and children!

In self-asserted and prudent marriages, it is strange how the income will keep pace with the expenditure. I should think, if an inquiry could be made upon the subject, it would be found that in most cases the married man with wife and children to support finds himself better off, and with more home-comforts, than he would have been had he remained single. The income, as by providential arrangement, wonderfully keeps pace with the outlay.

I have heard the poor peasant people in England say, when the sixth or seventh accession has been added to the family, without any apparent increase in the means of supplying its wants, "Oh, sir, God never sends little months without something to fill them!" If this sort of argument applies to the arrival of a child in a home, how doubly applicable it must be to the advent of a wife! She comes at once to relieve home of the



BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND FAMILY, MONTREAL,
Provincial Officer of the East Ontario and Quebec Province.

for what is right. She will think twice before she does her bidding.

Men are more given to look at things from the standpoint of expediency than are women; and I am sure their training and intercourse with Society makes them more timid about consequences. Perhaps it is because they see further into the future, or it may be a sense of responsibility for their families and their fellows makes them fearful of taking courses which they conceive to be the best and which otherwise they would choose to follow.

A MAN'S BEST PARTNER.

6. IN A WIFE A MAN FINDS A TRUE PARTNER IN ALL HIS EARTHLY INTERESTS.

It is true that, ordinarily, she will bring with her the occasion for increased financial responsibilities, but this will probably prove to him a profitable part of the discipline of life, by strengthening and deepening his nature as nothing else will.

Men are naturally more selfish than women, and their meanness will grow and thrive every day they live upon the earth if there is nothing to call

labor of the bierling, and to manage her husband's belongings with strictest economy, it makes her own mind and memory of a stranger of which her minister. She comes not to measure her time, nor strength, nor gifts, nor anything else she possesses—she lays her all at his feet, and then tolls for them as diligently and as skilfully as she would toll for her own.

Next week I shall touch upon the relation of a good wife to the making and completing of the husband's character.

(To be continued.)

Do you honor the Holy Ghost?
Do you believe in His work?

The words of the good are like a staff in slippery places.

A handful of good life is worth a peck of learning.

Are you vexed when you are slighted or silently ignored?

If you are an anvil, be patient; if you are a hammer, strike hard.

Yes! You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and the two pence.

THE EVIDENCE OF LOVE.

Love is not a matter of feeling or emotion. It is an attitude of being. He who loves another, holds that other dear—is ready to act in such a way as to advance that other's interests. Love does not depend on one's moods, is not measured by one's present emotions, never pivots on one's feelings. Love, because it is love, is imperative as duty itself, and dominates action as positively and as continuously as does duty. He who loves his country is not necessarily swayed by warm feelings, or tender emotions, with reference to his country. He simply holds his country dear, dearer than self, and, therefore, is ready to live or to die for that country. He who loves his fellows holds them dear.

As Those Whom God Loves, and, therefore, who are to be counted as far as representatives of God, however they may seem to others, who is found in conflict, in an emotion. The question is not what we feel towards another, but what we are ready to do for another, however we feel, when our love is at issue. A parent who says he loves his child, and then consents to his child's having something he ought not to have, or doing something he ought not to do, because of his tenderness, shows in his conduct that he lacks the love for his child which he says he has. The man who calls himself a "lover," and then shoots the girl he claims to love because she does not love him, proves by his conduct that he never loved the girl, and seems to show that he never loved anyone but himself. He is a helpless slave of his own worst passions, without any knowledge of the sentiment of true love. Love ever holds dear its objects, and in nothing ever puts first the true welfare of its objects regardless of selfish feelings and considerations, and apart from the drawings of emotion. Not feelings, but actions, are the true test of love.

What is Best for Us?

Our ideas of "good" and "bad," "desirable" and "undesirable," ordinarily pivot on our selfish interests considered from a very limited outlook. In a dry season, when water in the springs and streams is low, and the rattle thirst, and the mills can run only half time or less, a heavy rain is welcomed as a good and desirable thing by those whose personal needs are thus supplied. Yet at that very time the farmer, who has the grass lying freshly cut on his best meadows, and the father who is with his wife and children at a distance from his home in an open wagon without an umbrella, considers that first shower anything but good and desirable. And so it is with us all every experience in life; we cannot look at it apart from our personal and selfish interests. Is it not cause for gratitude on the part of all the world, ourselves included, that we cannot choose as to God's lesser or greater proviciencies? Our Father knows what is good and desirable for all and each of His children, as they do not. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

Time-Work or Piece-Work.

One who is doing his best is pretty sure of having this recognized; and one who is not doing his best may be equally sure that it will be known. A keen observer said, in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time-work' or 'piece-work.' In one case the blows of their hammers drag along slowly, and seem to say, 'By the day, by the day'; in the other case the hammers strike briskly, and say, 'By the job, by the job.'" Consciously or unconsciously, our actions show to those around us the spirit that is prompting them. It is the work into which has gone the best life and energy of the worker that finally counts, in the sight of both God and men.—S. S. Times.



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Pray for China.

Major-General Schaffer, the hero of Santiago, who spoke at the reception of Commander Booth-Tucker to San Francisco, touched, in his speech, upon the situation in China. Well knowing the horrors of war, and the inevitable complications that may arise from any ill-judged actions, he requested the prayers of every Salvationist in the interest of a peaceful solution. Our beloved General's similar request finds a sincere response in the heart of every lover of God and humanity, and we cannot press home too much the importance of prayer. We need not remind Christians of the wonderful, nay, the most wonderful achievements of history that have been wrought by prayer, and incessant, fervent prayer can again prove the oil which will smooth over the troubled billows of the political sea, which now threatens the disastrous wreck of the oldest empire of the world amidst scenes too revolting for the imagination.

The weakest salut has an unfailing weapon in prayer, with which to stay the monster of War, which has raised its ugly head with glutinous longing so frequently during recent years. If the Christians of the world could but unite in prayer, they could make war simply impossible.

Mrs. Major Horn's Illness.

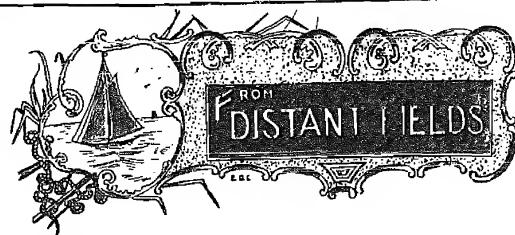
We regret to say that Mrs. Major Horn has been obliged to go to the Grace Hospital, in Toronto, for treatment. Her health has been failing for some time now, and sickness has been almost a constant guest at her house for months. The physician, happily, declares her disease curable, and we earnestly request our readers to remember Mrs. Horn before the Throne, that she may soon be restored, fully recuperated, to the Major and her family.

Prison Gate Work.

The returns of work done in connection with our Prison Gate Branch at Toronto, for the month of July, are as follows:

No. of Men helped at Police Court.	3
No. of Men met at Discharge from Central Prison 47
No. of Men helped by S. A. on Discharge 20
No. of Men placed in Situations 16
No. of Men professed Conversion 15

During the month of July 91 men were committed to the Central Prison, while six men were pardoned by the Governor-General. The total number of men in the Central Prison on July 31st was 364.



Since his return from Scandinavia, the final report of which is told by Major Douglas once more in interesting and instructive style, the General has been busy. For the first twenty-four hours, he felt the reaction of his numerous meetings and fatiguing journeys, while the intense heat added to his discomfort.

Brigadier Emerson is arranging great things for the seaside corps of the Eastern Province for Bank Holiday. All the Norwich bands (concertina, brass, etc.) are being allocated to different seaside resorts for the week-end. This should prove a great attraction and power for good amongst the holiday-making crowds who will flock to these places for a snatch of fresh sea-air.

The International Headquarters Building Department has already commenced the repair and alterations which have so long been needed in the Congress Hall. Both the Training Bands and Hall will come under the restoring hand. It is computed that the repairs will take some months, and it is more than likely that the corps will have to fight for some short period in the open-air. Just as the Rink did.

Colonel Lawley sums up and describes the General's recent tour as follows: "We began with floods in Christina, and ended with flames."

Commissioner Howard has not returned with the party who accompanied the General on his Scandinavian tour. He will, however, return to England in a few days.



The Commander's California Campaign had a magnificent start at San Francisco. Bishop Nichols and Major-General Schaffer spoke at the reception in the Metropolitan Temple. The Commander visited the St. Quentin Prison, where we have a regular corps among the convicts; six prisoners sought salvation.

In addition to his duties as Editor-in-Chief, Lieut.-Colonel Brewster, has been called upon to organize an entirely new department, namely, a National Lecture Bureau. Many promising institutions have been refused for want of a department, which would organize and arrange for a regular series of lectures and lecturers on Salvation Army work. The entire National staff will co-operate in furnishing various interesting lectures, and a list of subjects will be furnished by the Colonel to all who may apply. Many of the lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon pictures, while others will be brightened with music and song.

"During our first six months on the Hawaian Islands," Major Wood writes, "we have had 282 souls reported, and out of these we have increased our soldiers' roll by 41, every corps showing an increase. Our Coast War Cry sale has gone up 100 copies;

Japanese Cry 425, while we have just received a shipment of 450 Chinese Crys, which we shall have no difficulty in getting rid of. Young Soldier sales have also gone up three dozen. Our Local Officers now number 23 more; knee-drills have doubled. J.S. since at the same 50. Open-air attendance shows a rise of 60 weekly, so that it is easily seen that our new soldiers and converts do not shrink the open-air."

There are eight Training Garrisons in the United States.

The Divisional Brigade had 120 sons at Fayette, Missouri.

The first Chinese convert made by the San Francisco work is still a member of that corps.

Adjt. and Mrs. Montgomery are residing now in the Mission, San Francisco, and are affiliating with No. 4 corps.

There is one little bound-foot girl among the Chinese at Pacific Grove. She is not permitted to go on the streets, but Capt. Nellie Banks is allowed to teach her at home.

Chinese Salvationists scatter far and wide over the world. Out of the San Francisco corps five have returned to China, one went to Alaska, one to Portland, Ore., and another sells the sea in the capacity of cook on an American sea vessel.



The General conducted the Velddag the Hollandsch Salvation Army Field Day in a splendid part of Holland, magnificently placed at the disposal of the Army by the burgomaster of the city.

Many Belgian comrades wishing to prove their loyalty to the Army and the General attended the Velddag. Mrs. Colonel Cosandey was present with her eldest son.

At the end of the evening meeting sixteen persons were kneeling at the Lenten form.

The Social Work is doing fairly well, especially at La Hague, where already two or three branches of the work are operated regularly.



The corps at Bolegia, Florence, and Milan are pushing the war actively. Three Candidates from the last corps entered the Turin Training Home a few days ago.

In Pisa our comrades are working under critical circumstances. They are nevertheless fighting with faith, courage, and spirit that knows how to overcome difficulties.

Our Spanish comrades in Buenos Ayres report that the quarantine has been declared off. Brigadier Penrice, on the same day, started on an extensive trip all over the territory, and several officers were able to leave the city in order to attend to their special duties.

A municipal inspector visited lately our newly built Night Shelter. A few days after his visit the corporation of the city sent a substantial donation for the Shelter.

Capt. Bettex, who, with a Cadet, started for a tour in the interior, has already met with many adventures. In a city of Uruguay, both men, on account of their uniform, were mistaken for revolutionists, and brought before the police magistrate. After a short interview, and a few words of explanation, they were released, not without having received a good hand-shake from the police officer.



On the 14th of July, the French national day, the different divisions of the territory made great public demonstrations. The gathering of the South-Eastern Division was led by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg is better. She was again at the front on the 6th of July, and is already intending to lead a special campaign of Salvationists in the different corps of the French capital.

The Kiosque of the Salvation Army at the Paris Fair is in charge of Capt. Pollet, an experienced officer, who is able to speak fluently several modern languages.

The Kiosque is attracting many visitors. Two doctors congratulated our representatives for the good work accomplished by the Army among drunks and absolute people. Two Catholic priests manifested their warm sympathy for our work, and one of them bought a Bible. A few, after having asked information about the Army, promised to attend our meetings. A great many other visitors have already shown, in different ways, their interest and sympathy for the Army.

A Comical Customer.

A curious little old woman put in an appearance at an Australian Benevolent Home some months ago, and asked to see the "head of the house." The Ensign in charge was summoned, and the old lady acquainted her with the fact that she had spent all her life. Domestic relations had, however, been strained between her and her aboriginal husband, "Barney," who had beaten her sorely, and acting, as she averred, on the advice of the magistrate, she had left him and come to the Army. Would "missus" give her a shake-down? She was taken in, and whilst putting her through her paces, she asked her how long it was since she had had a bath. "Spec's a human bout a bath" was the reply. "I alays login in the crook." She was supplied with towels and soap, and taken to the lavatory, and left there. In a few minutes she marched into the kitchen. "I say, missus, you told me to wash; I have looked everywhere, but can't find water." Patiently did the officer take her back and explain how the water came through the pipes, turned it on and again left her. Presently she rushed into the kitchen, lay in great consternation, pale and trembling. "Law, missus, come here quick; I found the water, but it's all running away; I can't keep it." She had, of course, neglected to put the plug in. She could not understand why she was treated so kindly in the Home. "Oh, it's like heaven!" she used to say. Her ideas as to spiritual matters were of the haziest, but after a great deal of explanation, she appeared to grasp the truth, and professed conversion. The old lady is still in the Home, and lives up to the light she has.

The manner in which you spend your leisure is determining how you will spend eternity.

Many people claim to trust God who find that they are mistaken when the book breaks.

COLONEL CONDUCTS

Six Days' Tent Camp Grove, Toro

Introductory.

The following remarkable Secretary's Tent Camp will give our readers great success that attended dates were from August 6th, the last date being a holiday, when all the world waited for the occasion.

The Colonel was assisted by Captains Stanton and others under Headquarters Staff-Capt. Stanton was chief support, while Creighton took charge work and the music.

The "Why and Wherefore."

First and foremost, the and the salvation and salvation of sinners and saints. thinking that the Colonel, the young Civic Hosts, tried to give the the chance to spend the the vacation effort.

The Locality, etc.

The tent was pitched in the West End Grove. While not able to lay claim to beauty, the Grove was the trees east a great next paragraph for need trees) Dovercourt a corps were only twice tested, for their hall during the special efforts on Monday the whole day. The tent, one, surrounded by a and the comfortable seats put the audience at the not always possible when used.

The Weather.

Not a drop of rain our arrangements, but the day was cloudless and Monday by heat. It was simply the thermometer stood hottest in 46 years, and exception, in 60 years had a free Turkish meeting, the perspiration his face. Thanks, however, excellent location of the broke the piercing wind, and despite the heat, he talked generally to the meeting.

The Prayer Meetings.

"The most important proceedings is the prayer meeting," repeated the Colonel. When it is stated that but one there were one can put it down to the that the prayer ran on sound principle were got together, the unseated made to set apart, very appropriate. The result an extra care and effort.

The Singing.

No one enjoys it more than the Colonel, and hand, no one abounds more. He is therefore state that we had going. The times and well-known, and it was compulsion for all to burst and sing the hymns he used to encourage the who were at the what lugs on Monday after will likely refer to the singing at a forest Without doubt the "almost persuaded" v

The Open-Airs.

These are under the and attention of Staff and were, as a rule duration. The Llugar assisted by Headquarters' music. They couldn't resist

COLONEL JACOBS

CONDUCTS A

Six Days' Tent Campaign at Dufferin Grove, Toronto.

Introductory.

The following remarks on the Chief Secretary's Tent Campaign in Toronto will give our readers an idea of the great success that attended it. The dates were from August 1st to August 6th, the last date being Toronto's Civic Holiday, when all the local corps united for the occasion.

The Colonel was assisted by Staff-Captains Stanton and Creighton, besides other Headquarters' Officers. Staff-Capt. Stanton was the Colonel's chief support, while Staff-Capt. Creighton took charge of the open-air work and the music.

The "Why and Wherefore."

First and foremost, the glory of God and the salvation and sanctification of sinners and saints. Then we rather think that the Colonel remembered the coming Civic Holiday, and desired to give the Toronto leaves a chance to spend the day in direct salvation effort.

The Locality, etc.

The tent was pitched in Dufferin Grove, in the West End of the city. While not able to buy much claim to beauty, the Grove was pleasant, and the trees were a great shade (See next paragraph for name of吸烟室). Dovercourt and Ligar St. corps were the only two directly interested, for their halls were closed during the special effort. Of course, on Monday the whole city corps milled for the day. The tent was a large one, surrounded by a picket fence, and the comfortable seats and chairs put the audience at ease, which is not always possible where only planks are used.

The Weather.

Not a drop of rain interfered with our arrangements, but the absence of rain was considered a blessing. Sun, heat and winds by the abnormal heat, it was simply outragous! The thermometer stood near 93°, the hottest in 46 years and, with only one exception, in 60 years. The Colonel had a free Turkish bath in every meeting, the perspiration rolling down his face. Thanks, however, to the excellent location of the tent, the trees broke the piercing rays of the sun, and despite the heat, the audience remained generally to the close of the meeting.

The Prayer Meetings.

"The most important part of the proceedings is the prayer meeting," reported the Canadian. "The Colonel is stated that in every meeting but one there were visible results, one can put it down as a dead certainty that the prayer meetings were run on sound principles. The saints were gathered together, the sinners and unsanctified made to feel they were set apart, the door closed, and a steady, fervent appeal for decision made. The results amply justify the extra care and effort."

The Singing.

No one enjoys a good sing more than the Colonel, and on the other hand, no one abhors a poor one more. It is, therefore, unnecessary to state that we had good singing. All the tunes and words were all well-known, and it was a matter of compulsion for all to join in. A few bass and string instruments were used to encourage the singing. Those who were at the wind-up of the meetings on Monday afternoon and night will likely refer to the hearty united singing as a foretaste of heaven. Without doubt the effect upon the "almost persuaded" was remarkable. They couldn't resist it.

The Open-Airs.

These are under the special care and attention of Staff-Capt. Creighton and were, as a rule of a full hour's duration. The Ligar St. brass band, assisted by a few invited visitors from Headquarters, furnished good music.

On Monday afternoon and night the singing assumed enormous proportions, and the enthusiastic testimonies of shouting hymns, "Colonel" Mitchell, Jim McInroy, Joe Brown, and a whole host of others, were enjoyed to the full. They were literally bubbling over with joy, and had to work it off in a good salvation dance. The Ligar St. and Dovercourt soldiers turned out splendidly at every occasion, and helped make the open-airs what they were.

The Results.

It is gratifying to state that, during the series of meetings, 55 souls sought the salvation of their Maker. Considering the impressive heat, and other attractions, we have cause to be thankful to God. As far as we could judge, the work done at the pentecostal form was deep and genuine. A thorough conviction seemed to precede the surrender.

The Colonel.

It is safe to say that the Chief Secretary was at his best. His addresses were of the soul-gripping type. Thoughtful, convincing, full of bite, and delivered with characteristic energy, they commanded the attention



August 7th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

According to the news received this morning, from an unofficial source, the allied troops have begun their advance on Pekin. They have reached Peiping, where they had a severe battle with a strong Chinese force, which was almost entirely driven back from a well-chosen position. The allied troops lost twelve hundred men in killed and wounded chiefly Russians and Japanese.—The Foreign Ministers in Pekin were reported to be alive and supplied with food by the Chinese authorities, while another telegram announces that Foreign Ministers had left Pekin for Tien Tsin.—Allied troops at Peiping are estimated at sixteen thousand.—The Russians had had repeated fighting with the Chinese troops along the north-easterly border of China.—

railed and attacked twenty miles south of Krasnodar. The Boers captured many prisoners but released them at the request of the American Consul-General.—Portugal has dismissed all customs officials and railway employees at Lorenzo Marques, and replaced them by military officers.

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INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, second son of Queen Victoria, died at Cobourg, on July 31st, of heart failure. The Duke was previously known as the Duke of Edinburgh.—Four cases and two deaths from smallpox plague are reported from London.—The negro persecutions in New Orleans are still continuing. A fine school for colored children, and a number of the best residences of colored people, have been destroyed.—Forest fires in Newfoundland have destroyed the town of Sop's Arches.—Our Diamond Park car drivers have gone on strike, demanding a lower rate for running vehicles.—Lucy Parsons, and five other anarchists, were arrested at Chileno, which caused a considerable riot.—Two Americans, father and son, fell from a precipice in the Swiss Alps, and were killed.—An attempt was made to assassinate the Shah of Persia, at Paris. The revolver of the offender refused to discharge. The would-be assassin has been arrested.

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CANADIAN NEWS.

The militia had to be called out in connection with the Cotton Mills strike, at Magog, Que.—Colonel Otter reports that seven hundred of the Canadian force are now ready for service.—A flowing well of mineral water was discovered at Chatham at a depth of 984 feet.—The Cataraqui Power Co. has offered the city of Hamilton, in exchange for the right of way through the city, a first-class line of electric railway to Galt and Guelph.—Through telegraphic communication, to Dawson City, will be established by October 1st.—One hundred Romanian Jews, who arrived in Montreal by steamer, have been detained there because they have no means of support.—The thermometer registered ninety-eight in the shade in Toronto on August 6th, the highest in forty-six years.

MAJOR PICKERING AT HALIFAX.

(By wire.)

A most hearty reception was given to Major Pickering at Halifax. A most noble day's fight was made on Sunday. Good crowds, splendid collections, \$34; and ten souls in the Fountain.—Adj't. Fraser.

MRS. READ'S HALIFAX MEETINGS.

(By wire too late for last issue.)

Successful finale of the Hallifax campaign. Rescue and Maternity Homes have been opened with an appreciative representative audience; four denominations were represented by clergy. Chairman, Mr. McIntosh. Church of England Clergyman. Others present were: Dr. McMillan; Dr. Courtney, Editor of the Christian Guardian; Mrs. Archibald, President of the W. C. T. U., and others. Rescue work, Fort Masseys, was recommended. Social meeting, Professor Carry, of Pinehill College, promised co-operation. Financial result of meeting was over two hundred dollars for Homes. The Press gave good reports. Success is assured. Good week-end at Yarmouth.—Mrs. Read.

If sin could not hide its face none but devils would love it.

Warm love burns further than the keenest intellect can pierce.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff.



HARVEST FESTIVAL

- 1900 -

September 29 and 30,
and October 1 and 2.

of all in the audience from the start to finish. It was a moral impossibility for anyone, even with but a small amount of concern about their souls, to escape conviction. The spirit of God most impressively rested upon the Colonel and his words were borne right to the heart. Perhaps his finest effort was the last meeting, when he drew such powerful illustrations from Samson's fall, that at the altar no less than 21 souls gave God. The officers present gave a unanimous testimony to the help and blessing received through the Colonel.

The man who will steal chickens is often found hiding behind a hypocrite in the church.

If it is not summer in the heart, it is because we have turned our little world away from God.

The comfort of God to the nervous heart before the battle as well as for its soothing afterwards.

God now and then suffers one man to be thrown into a lion's den in order that millions of others may be kept out.

It is hard to convince a worldling that a sin is black clear through, as long as he can hear gold jingling in his pocket.

The massacre of native Christians and Moslems is still going on.—Admiral Seymour has landed three thousand British troops for the defence of Shanghai, with the sanction of the Viceroy of Nanking.—The Russians engaged the Chinese at Hongkong, capturing twenty-four guns and driving four thousand Chinese before them.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The surrender of one thousand Boers to General Hunter, which we reported last week, has been followed up by the surrender of several hundred of Free State Boers. Altogether General Hunter reports over three thousand Boer prisoners; nine guns were also surrendered. General De Wet, with his force, is still at large; he is reported to be completely surrounded.—A number of residents of Pretoria have been exiled for offences against British subjects. The terms of exile vary, in one instance reaching twenty-five years.—General Baden-Powell is reported to have been captured in an engagement near Rustenburg.—The British forces advancing against the Transvaal Boers have entrenched themselves in a strong position.—The Boers expect to make a stand at Machadodorp. They are reported to be short of food and ammunition.—A train was de-



Some New Furniture.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Week-end meetings led by Adj't Dowell, our new Dr. G. McWilliams, grand crowds and collections on. In G. Some said, "Why, that man must be crazy" when he was the means of attracting about 600 people around the open-air plug. Capt. and Mrs. Thompson are making things hum in the right direction. Our barracks is much improved by the addition of the new chairs and lamps. Two souls for the week. Come again, Adjutant, and bring Mrs. Dowell—Mme Pike, See.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND, Nfld.—We are having beautiful times here. Although we are not getting many souls, we are praying and believing. Farewell meeting on Sunday of Captain Bishop, who has gone to New Bay. We pray that God will go with us. Lieut. Parsons.

Ice Cream Social.

DAUPHIN.—Had an ice cream social this week, and cleared \$17.33. Praise God! There are a number of our comrades away in the country, which has lowered our numbers in the open-air; still we have to thank God for some who remain and are fighters. One soul last night.—Capt. Geo. S. Gamble, C. O.

Ensign Williams Prevented an Accident.

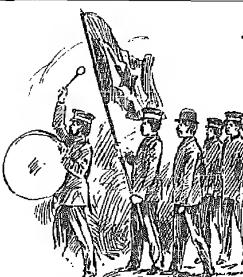
MONTREAL II.—On Thursday evening July 26th, we welcomed Staff-Capt. Budditt, as Chancellor of our Province. Brigadier Pinguire was master of ceremonies, and with the co-operation of all No. 1. comrades, you can reckon we had a good time. The weather was hot, and enthusiasm ran high, and Ensign Williams, who is always anxious to save an accident, had provided ice cream and cake as a preventive on this occasion. On Sunday last, in spite of a hard fight, God gave us one more soul as a reward of our faithfulness. Old No. 1. is in a good healthy condition. Our marches for last week were the largest for years—H. Titus, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

This Saint Makes Things Sweet.

LEWISTON, Idaho.—We are marching on here. Although you don't hear from us much, yet we are in victory. On Wednesday we had a drink to help us in the open-air. He helped us to sing, and then took up a collection for us. May God bless him in our prayer. On Thursday night good meeting. One dear man gave his heart to God. To Him he all the glory—Cadet Sweet, for Lieut. Salut.

A Good Start—Three Souls.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfd.—Since our first report we have welcomed in our midst our new officer, Ensign Stadler. Already we feel she is the right person in the right place. Sunday's meetings were real times of blessing. We closed at night with three souls at the cross.—Sofina Morgan, R.C.



Compel Them to Come in.

COATICOOCHEE.—After a stay of nearly four months, Capt. Owens received orders to farewell. The last meeting was held Sunday, July 22. The barracks was packed, and a number were unable to gain admission. On the platform were the Rev. C. A. Sykes, Methodist, and the Rev. J. H. Hunter, Baptist, both of whom addressed the meeting and spoke of their association with the Captain in a very kindly way. Capt. Owens sang, "Then I Shall See Him Face to Face," and spoke a few words of farewell, and remarked that at his welcome meeting he had one to welcome him, but thanked God things were changed and that souls had been saved. At the close one soul expressed the desire to lead a better life.—One who was there.

CORNWALL.—At the memorial service of Mrs. Harrington, Adj't. Og-

again and seek God. However, if the sinners were defeated, we were not, and we wish to see the specie come again.—W. G.

A Novel and Up-to-Date Open Air.

KENYVILLE, N. S.—Saturday night we had something new in the way of an open-air. The Nova Scotia Carrying Co. kindly lent us their large platform wagon, on which we placed the organ and then officers and soldiers, with cornet, violin, and drums, seated themselves on the wagon, and with Sister Nicholson at the organ, and Lieut. McWilliams to drive the horses, we proceeded to "do" the town. After passing round the square, we stopped near the Post Office, where for an hour, we carried on a salvation meeting from the wagon. A large crowd listened attentively and drank in the truth as it was presented, as it fell from our lips in song, choruses, and testimony. At the close a number of us got down from the wagon and held a prayer meeting, using the drum for a pentecostal form, though there were no visible results, as far as the sinners were concerned, but with real blessings to our souls, knowing that the word will not return void. A. Jess, R. C.

YORKVILLE.—Adj't. Attwell conducted a very profitable and blessed week-end at this corps. One sister, after a long search for the open-air, on Saturday night, found it and straight away knelt at the drum-head, where she found salvation, which she testified to on Sunday. The meetings all day Sunday, especially the kne-

ning souls in their new field of labor. Ensign Stadler is with us pro tem, as the officers who are to come are having two or three weeks' rest. The crowds are very small during the hot weather. We are still marching on in God's strength, depending on Him for victory. One of our comrades is leaving soon, having been accepted for the work. May God's blessing rest on her wherever she may go. We pray that God may save someone to fill her place.—White Whigs.

Appy Jo Gives a Good Account of His Corps.

KINMOLLY.—Attenham, I's fruit. When we were dud or yet sleep. No, were all alive, an best of all, God is wif us. Alleluia! We've had a visit from Insine Burrows, the travelin' minnshul spesialist, accompanied by Kapthin Maggy Howcroft. The meetings were great an injed to all who ware there. Tuesday nite at Norland race kept a lot of people from attending, but the reg'lar folios were well. Thursday at Kinmolly, we all a grand happenin'. I mavin' out a red krowd inside, salid: "Hooy, sweet home!" We done so well and ad such a god meetin' that Insine decided to stay fur Thursday nite, wif another god krowd kame to see the lasten picturs on Stanly in Africa, which was reely interesting, an sum god spiriteless sons war taken from it. Finances over ten dollars, a big ukrease on the past. Kapthin Howcroft dun god service in singlin', as we all say, Kum agen Insine an Kapthin, wen yours kau. Last Sunday nite at Norland I dere sister kame an sor, an we bleve found, salvashun. May God keep her trn. Look out fur more from this corner of the field in the near future.—Yours in the war, Appy Jo.

MORDEN.—The Lord blessed us much in our Camp Meetings; had excellent meetings and good crowds, with a few seeking salvation, some of them remarkable cases. Hallelujah! M. S.

Enrolled in the Open-Air.

BARRE, Vt.—We are still pressing on towards the Kingdom, and we don't mean to let up until we get there. We had very good meetings on Sunday. Bro. Bell was enrolled in the open-air meeting last night, in front of a large crowd. Ensign and Mrs. Shand have travelled after laboring little over nine months with us. We pray that God will bless them and give them a rich harvest of souls in their new station.—Zarehens.



The Most Pleasing Finish to Our Meetings.

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A Pleasing increase.

MORTON'S HARBOR, N.D.—Since last report we are able to report victory. God has been blessing us here. Capt. Howell, who has been stationed here for twelve months, has just furloughed, and gone to another part of the field. During his stay here eighty souls have sought and found salvation, thirty have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire soldiers, and our Junior work has increased from 70 to 100.—J. Reader, Lieut.

GLACE BAY.—Although laboring under a disadvantage of not having any quarriers, Ensign Parker is making things "go" since taking charge. We have had some nice cases of conversion, and the soldiers have been greatly blessed. There is also evidence of a change in the temporal affairs. The drum has been soundly converted and would scarcely be recognized. The inside of the barracks is also taking on a new appearance. The band is coming well to the front, and soon will be important factor of the world. Bro. C. Cameron, our Bandmaster, is taking a lively interest and is the right man in the right place. The Sunday evening open-air, just started by Ensign Parsons, is proving a complete success. Our officers now have the privilege of free travelling to and from all points of the S. M. L., thanks to the kindness of Capt. McLean.—Sgt.-Major.

MELAFORD.—After six months' stay in Melaford, we said good-bye. At our farewell meeting one soul farewelled to the devil. He said he was determined to lead a better life. Among the litter was one who

Skagway Revisited.

We come bounding along in a first-class car over that well-known spot, called the White Pass, where the miners of the Klondike rush of two and three years ago, with the hope of gathering the golden nuggets, overcame the extreme difficulties connected with that pass. The well-beaten trail is all that is now left to mark the spot where men started the ascent, often with a heavy load upon their backs, and, through that wonderful virtue called perseverance, reached the summit.

To-day—will we, you exclaim, "Wonderful!" as you take your ticket and come, as I did before, bounding along with all the luxuries of a first-class car.

Arriving at the depot I find Adj't. McGill to meet us with his usual smile and "God bless you," and hurried us off to the quarters, where we are introduced to our old friend, Mrs. McGill. She makes us Klondikers feel quite at home. After supper the speaker sought some of the scenes of the decent profession, by having a personal interview, he can't say a pleasant one, but the after effect was O. K. I had the pleasure of attending fire open-air and six indoor meetings, and visited a few comrades with the Adj't. Among the latter was one who

Had His Leg Broken
by the pot of a stamping-machine. It did my heart good to hear that

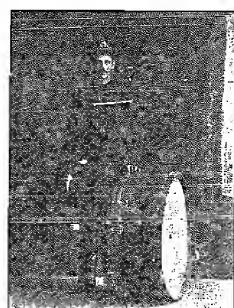
Salvation Hand-Bell
Ringers on Tour.

The Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers have just made their appearance in St. John, N. B., under the direction of Major R. O. Pickering, the P. O. The troupe met with good success and put in a profitable time for all concerned. But of the city you shall hear more later on.

We boarded the train at St. John, on Friday July 20th, bound for Newcastle, N. B. Some people are afraid to get on it Friday, but not so with us. We did make the people stare, to be sure; they wondered if the world was coming to an end, to see so many Salvationists board the train with guitars, violins, and several loads of other things, but we soon delighted their ears with sweet music all the way down to Moncton. They showed how much they enjoyed it by clapping, and on leaving the train at Moncton, one gentleman expressed his regret that we were not going any further with them.

We arrived in Newcastle all right without any accident. The cars were so crowded that the men wonder what we were doing there, but the girls were all the way up.

On Saturday we started to wake up the town, advertising with two pieces of brass and a drum in a rig—a great thing to draw people. I suppose they thought we were all crazy, but it answered our purpose all right,



Bandsman Archibald Close, Brantford, Ont.

Iro. Close was brought to know the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ some five years ago. Previous to this his life had been spent in pleasure-seeking and drinking. Only through the earnestness of the Salvation Army was he made to think of eternal matters, and which eventually terminated his conversion. Since being saved, the Lord has blessed him much. He has been drummer of the band for some three years, and is always found at his post of duty. His heart's desire now is to see those in sin brought to the marvelous light of God.—O. Shoemaker.

again. Everyone rated it grand. Some of our Newcastle comrades, with Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, came down. They said they enjoyed themselves so much in Newcastle that they could not stay away, knowing the troupe was so near at hand. The hand-bell ringing charmed them all.

Our thanks are due to Capt. McClellan, Lieut. Wyatt, and the commander of Chatham for their kindness to the troupe. The Captain and Lieutenant have a hard row to hoe, but they will come out on top. The meetings of the Hand-Bell Ringing Troupe have been successful financially and spiritually. Some croaks say we are not going to prosper, but God is for us, and who can be against us?

We leave Chatham to-day for Campbellton, and will let you have a report every week. Mr. Editor.—T.

A Brandon Comrade Gone to be with Jesus.

It is our sad duty to record another death from Brandon. Ellie Guilliland. For some months she has been suffering from that terrible disease, consumption. She had been a bright soldier for some time, but for awhile got into darkness. Before she passed away, however, she was brought nearer to God, and died with the knowledge that she was going to be with Jesus. Her last words to an officer who visited her were, "If we never meet on earth, meet me in heaven." She was taken away to Carlisle for interment.—E. Hayes.

The Shelter from the Storm.

It has been said by a great poet, that great characters and great souls are like mountains—they always attract the storms; upon their heads break the thunders, and around their base tops flash the lightning and the sounding wrath of God. Nevertheless, they form a shelter for the plains beneath them. That numerous saying and illustration of the lowliest, saddest, poorest world has ever had life in it—the Lord Christ. Higher than all men, around His head seemed to beat the very storms of sin; yet beneath the shelter of His great umbrella, sustaining Spirit, what lowly people, what humble souls, what poor babes are to wisdom, what sucklings as to the world's truth, have gained their life in this world and eternal rest in God.—George Dawson.

A KLONDIKE ADVERTISING MARC,

Showing the Farewell and Incoming Officers.

comrade say that under those circumstances God was helping him to trust.

Special mention must be made of the united meeting on Sunday at 3 p.m. The mission comrades were observed to be approaching us on the march, and much to our surprise, halted us a reserve to our fighting line. Our alert Adj't. called upon the front rank to stand fast, and a shout of triumph was told upon the enemy. The march had the effect of showing the people that there are no spits in Skagway. With unity there is power. Inside our pent-up feelings exploded to the glory of God. The Lord did bless our souls; we truly drew on.

Hallelujah Magazine

for future encouragements. The dear comrades spoke of the sterling worth of the farewelling Adj't. and his dear wife, showing the spiritual comradeship that has existed in this place.

The Adj't., assisted by the writer, conducted the funeral of a dear man who had died in the hospital. Seven mourners only were there—the Adj't., myself, and the Undertaker included, and the brother of the deceased, the only relative. What a real, still, and solemn thing is death. Men are ever anxious for everything but preparing to meet their God. What a terrible doom is awaiting the Christ-rejecter. There is no excuse, for He has died that all may live.—Johnny LeCoq, Capt.

The way to flee from the justice of God is to flee to the God of justice.

and were met on the wharf by Lieut. Wyatt with a team, to take us to the quarters. Although the night turned out to be wet, the people came and listened to our singing and music both inside and out.

Finally with the musical festival, it had been well advertised by the troupe in a rig during the day. The crowd inside was all that we could wish for, and they listened with excellent attention to the hand-bell ringing, which was applauded again and

It will hurt you more to live a day without prayer than to live it without bread.



Please finish to our meetings.

HALIFAX'S WEEK OF VICTORY.

Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read Conducts Successful Campaign.

New Maternity and Rescue Home Opened—Many Denominations Represented—Doctors of Divinity Talk—Fourteen Souls at the Cross—Over \$200 for the Rescue Work—Press Report Well—Future Bright.

For some time past all the city Salvationists, especially the Women's Social Department, have been eagerly looking forward to, and preparing the way for, the coming visit of the Women's Social Sunday, which was to be followed by a week's special meetings, and also by the opening of the new Rescue and Maternity Home.

At length the 19th came, on which the Lieutenant-Colonel was to arrive and commence the series of meetings. Staff-Capt. Jost had arranged a nice quiet ten and social gathering for officers only, at the new Home, on Thursday afternoon, where a very pleasant hour was spent.

The welcome meeting was held in No. 1 barracks. When the march and open-air were concluded we found a good crowd of appreciative people gathered. The meeting was conducted by Adjt. Fraser in his usually happy way. Short addresses were given by different representative officers. Capt. McMenamy, of Dartmouth, spoke on behalf of the officers of the District. Ensign Collier on behalf of the Men's Social work. Adjts. Jost and McDaniel represented the Women's Social, and Mrs. Adjt. Fraser the Staff. After these greetings the Colonel announced that she had some pleasant duties to perform, and, of course, all listened attentively to hear what was to come. Mrs. Read then called upon Cadet Clark and promoted her to the rank of Lieutenant. Volleys! Drums! Horns! Voices! But, said the Colonel, "I have still another happy duty," and referring to Adjt. Jost's faithfulness and toil, which had been crowned by so much success, she said she had pleasure, in the name of the Commission, in promoting her to the rank of Staff-Captain. Laughter volleys, and many a "God bless you!"

Capt. Penney soloed, and then Mrs. Read rose amid loud applause to give a Bible reading. She read of Christ. In His different attitudes to the people, teaching us all that He is always interested in us whatever our need may be. After a short prayer meeting we closed, feeling that the campaign had a good beginning.

Next announcement was a mid-night open-air battle to be fought in Albemarle Street. So on Friday night, at 10:30 o'clock prayers and songs could be heard in the vicinity of No. 1 barracks, to go down where "the vilest may be found." What shall I say of the scene? I had hoped that the task of rounding up fallen into more capable hands, or if I must repeat, I would rather draw the curtain over this part and pass on to more happy and pleasant gatherings. But facts are facts, and stern things, too. The march halted in one of the worst parts of this ill-reputed street, and Adjt. Fraser, assisted by Ensign Collier, kept the meeting going. Crowds flocked from the saloons and dens

a meeting in a Mission Hall, which was kindly lent. The meeting closed at 1 a.m., with a big man, who was big sterner, in the fountain. He testified, with tearful eyes, that he had once loved and served God, but like so many others, had wandered far away. He said he believed it was God Who led him to the meeting that night.

Ladies' Meeting, Fort Massey.

The meeting on Saturday afternoon at the Fort Massey Church, was well attended by ladies, there being a hundred present. Mrs. McIntosh, President of the Board of Management of the Infants' Home, presided, and after Mrs. Read's address, other ladies spoke warmly of the work. A good offering was secured.

The Colonel had kindly consented to speak to the men at the Harbor, on Sunday, at 9:30 a.m., but, through being overworn with the heavy strain of her tour, she was unable to do so much to the disappointment of both officers and men.

A good crowd assembled at 11 a.m. for the holiness meeting. The Colonel's talk on "Equipment for Service," was beyond description, and cannot fail to bring about good results.

A forty-five-minute meeting at the jail had been specially arranged by Ensign Collier, and at 2 p.m. Mrs. Read, accompanied by a few workers, entered the jail corridor. In which all the male inmates were described. Sergt.-Major Collier introduced the Colonel. Ensign Collier gave out a song from the Cry, and then the Colonel barked and Captain Penney soloed. Mrs. Read read and spoke feelingly. After a solo from Capt. Penney, we held a short prayer service, and five men held up their hands for prayer, which delighted all our hearts.

At No. 1 barracks a large crowd had assembled, in spite of it being the hottest day of the season, to hear of the League of Mercy and Prison work. The Colonel spoke at some length, and many were moved to tears as she told of the touching scenes with which she had personally come in contact, and of some of the great results which had been accomplished.

The night was very sultry, and the building was packed, but the Colonel was at her best. The theme was "Boundless Salvation, and real salvation comes to many hearts while the Colonel speaks." In went salvation was so great. She said it made martyrs strong in suffering, the soldier boys strong in battle, and the good strong in death, and urged upon all present to neglect no longer the claims of Christ upon them. Ensign Collier took charge of the prayer meeting, which lasted two hours. It was a fight from beginning to end: the enemy was in full strength because he could feel that many of his faithful ones, some for the first time, were almost persuaded to surrender to the King of Kings. We prayed, we sang, we believed. The gun on Citadel Hill told of 9:30 o'clock, but none had yielded, although the barracks was full of struggling, convalescent souls. At last a woman came, then a little later a fine, stalwart man coolly walked out, the Royal Artilleryman in full uniform, and, without a word, or half-an-hour on his seat, rushed from the back of the hull and threw himself into the water, and all down at the Mercy Seat. We rejoiced. Then another siren, and in a few minutes a blue-jacket came, leading a friend from almost the back of the hull, and side by side they wept out their hearts' sorrows in the ear of Him Who always listens. And just when all these had testified, and we had sung, and danced, and shouted, a dear man left his wife in the sent and dropped at the penitent form, and we all set to work to pray and help him. When Capt. Parsons went to deal

with him he said, "I want my wife to come." He soon found pardon, because he came in the right way, and to the right place. He rose to his feet, told of his determinations and decisions, and then immediately went to try and bring his wife, but she would not yield. Then we prayed and went to our homes. Thus ended one of the best Sundays No. 1 has seen for many a day.

Dartmouth's Social Meeting.

All the city and Dartmouth Salvationists united in the Monday night Social meeting at the Dartmouth Methodist Church. The meeting, which was well attended, was presided over by His Worship Mayor Johnson of Dartmouth. After a hymn and prayer by the pastor of the church, the chairman introduced the speaker of the evening.

The Colonel dealt with the Women's Social from various standpoints, and the stories of sin and suffering, and also of grace and victory, were remarkable, and interested her audience until a late hour.

Staff-Capt. Jost spoke of the local work and asked for a collection, which was cheerfully given. At the close of the meeting some ladies presented the Colonel with a beautiful bunch of cut roses.

Fort Massey Church.

Tuesday night found us at Fort Massey Church, Halifax, for another Social meeting. The choir will be supplied by the Rev. Dr. Currie, Professor of Theology at the Pine Hill College, who will "fill the bill."

The Doctor spoke in glowing and yet sincere terms of the great work of the Army's Social operations, and introduced Mrs. Read. The Colonel gave an address dealing with the cause of the need for such Homes, and the remedy, and the success of the Army's efforts. Mr. James McIntosh said some most practical things regarding finances, and after singing and prayer this interesting meeting was over. The Principal of the Pine Hill College, and many other leading people were present and manifested the deepest interest.

The Homes Opened.

Wednesday, the sunne Clouds hung over the city and drops of rain came now and then, and many feared that the weather was not going to be the most favorable for the opening of the new Home, which was to take place at 4:30 in the afternoon. For some hours before the time visitors, who could not remain for the meeting, had been passing through the rooms and hallways, inspecting the Home having brightened children and other inmates. As time went by the clouds and fog became thicker and more threatening than before, but the friends and sympathizers came, and at the time of meeting a good representative crowd thronged the rooms set apart for the meeting.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Jos. McIntosh, who called upon Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, to open the service with prayer. Then the chairman gave an address which was one of the most practical for such an occasion. He said he had often heard of the Siamese twins which were inseparable, and he remarked that this was a good illustration of this double Home. He said that the object of this double Home was not to prevent but to cure. The preventing should be done in the Sunday Schools and churches. He regretted that the city should need such an institution, but it was nevertheless true that it did. He wished every lady and gentleman present to view things that day from a business standpoint, and to remember that neither the inmates, children, officers, nor nurses could live on wind and water, and that neither a grocer, butcher, nor baker would take a fine, bright boy or girl out of a Home as payment for their bills. They might be led to do so once, but they would not like to keep on month after month.

He also reminded all present that outside of this Home there was no other place in the city, except Rockhead Prison, to which this class of people could be sent. He also spoke very highly of the large percentage of satisfactory cases. He then introduced Mrs. Read. The Colonel spoke of the success of similar work in other cities where it had been carried on in this way. She told many interesting incidents of Rescue work, and in speaking of the future of the

Testimonies "All Over the Shop."

Home, she said she wanted the officers to be free from its many financial burdens as possible, so as to be able to devote all the more time to the work which lay nearest to their hearts.

Mrs. Read also read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner, expressing her confidence in the work, and conveying her greetings and good wishes to all.

When the chairman rose he asked anyone on either side who had anything particular to say, to have a word. The Rev. Mr. Archibald, an Episcopalian minister, rose from his place and said he had been much pleased with the address he had heard, and assured Mrs. Read that the citizens would come forward with their support. He said he believed in the work of the Army, and spoke of a case of rescue in which he had been interested at Rockhead Prison, and of the help he had received at the hands of Salvationists. He urged on all present to be practical in their sympathy, and told a story of a meeting of the Synod in Ireland, when a brother lost his purse. One after another expressed their sympathy until at last an old minister rose and said,

"I sympathize with your brother to the extent of a five-pound note," and in conclusion he would say that he sympathized with the new Home to the extent of \$100.

Rev. Dr. McMillan, of the Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, said he was sorry he could not do as his friend, but as the pastor of not a wealthy congregation, he would guarantee the usual thanksgiving offering from his church to the Rescue Home to be donated this year, and he would give a personal donation into the bargain.

Mr. John Burgoine, of the Halifax Herald, was the next speaker. He said he regretted not to be able to say as his two predecessors had said, but he was sure that if the people of Halifax could do as he had that day done, namely, walk leisurely from room to room, and look into the faces and talk with the dear little children, there would be no difficulty in maintaining the Home. He compared the future of the children cared for in the Home with that of the street wall. He spoke of how appropriate was the name, "Rescue," for such a Home, especially carried on by the Salvation Army, and said he thought the words "Rescue and Salvation" were another pair of Siamese twins. Mr. Burgoine is an old supporter of the Salvation Army work, and guaranteed that the future would receive more attention than ever, and that he would also use all the influence he could in enlisted the sympathy and practical help of his friends.

Rev. Dr. Courtice, Editor of the Methodist Christian Guardian, of Toronto, was the next speaker. He said he was a stranger to all present except that he met Mrs. Read in Toronto. He assured the citizens that what he had seen of the Army's Rescue Work in Toronto made him feel quite safe in saying that the best hopes would be realized in this new Home, and they would find it a work worthy of their support and confidence.

Mrs. Chas. Archibald, a well-known Christian lady, and President of the W. C. T. U., spoke next. She told of her love for the work at Rescues, of her visits to the vicey parts of the city, and of personal interviews with many fallen women. She said that the citizens who could not, or could not, or were not conversant enough to do the work themselves, should support it by their money and friend ship. This lady is also an old friend of ours. This lady is also an old friend of ours. She is a well-known Christian lady, and President of the W. C. T. U., spoke next. She told of her love for the work at Rescues, of her visits to the vicey parts of the city, and of personal interviews with many fallen women. She said that the citizens who could not, or could not, or were not conversant enough to do the work themselves, should support it by their money and friend ship. This lady is also an old friend of ours. She is a well-known Christian lady, and President of the W. C. T. U., spoke next. 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COMPETITION CHAT

Nigger is Getting Ahead of Mag—Arab Does Well to Get into a Livelier Trot—The Incorrigible East Playing Truant Again.

By SILAS SELLQUIOIK.

Well done, Arab! You are a fine blood and acquitting yourself well. You are not caught napping. Nigger was making a fine move, but found you wide awake.

Nigger, my darling, I have always had a warm spot for you in my heart, even though you have been slow to move of late; but I see you are warming up to the game now. Keep at it! Perseverance gains the day. It means steady, unrelenting hard push, but it will bring the triumph. I feel it!

Mag, oh, Mag! Why do you drift behind like this? You slackened only three paces yet it cost you the second place. Came up again, Mag, to the old mark.

The East is absent again, but, alas! not forgotten! What a humiliation to have to leave out a Province which has so many fine boomers! I'm sorry, dear Eastern hustlers, that your names have been missed out twice in succession, but you know the remedy. (Whisper:—Ask the P. O., if you don't.)

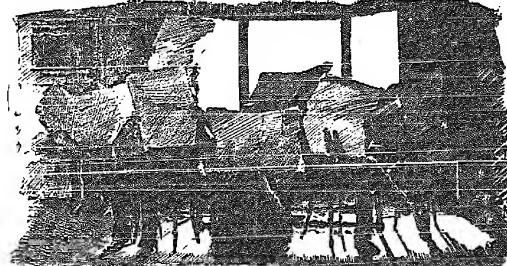
Among the individual competitors, Capt. Gibson, of Arab's Province, takes the lead with 159. Next comes the famous Prairie lass, Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, with 174. The Yeomans sisters, Lieut. Parker, of the Central, and Lieuts. McEwan and Thompson, of East Ontario, are all abreast in the third row with 150 miles. We gladly notice the Pauline Champion, Sister Hawkins, of Great Falls, with 129 copies sold.

God bless you all, my dear hustlers, I am sure the knowledge of your accomplishments, and the good done through it, has its own sweet reward.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE. 94 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	183
Lient. Yeomans, Brantford	159
Sergt. Yeomans, Brantford	159
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	124
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	120
Lient. Barber, Leamington	100
Mrs. Hellman, Woodstock	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	99
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	85
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	82
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	82
Capt. Green, Windsor	82
Capt. Williams, Galt	80
Lient. Knobell, Galt	80
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	75
Amble Wright, Galt	75
Capt. Rutherford, Simcoe	72
Capt. Fife, Simcoe	70
Capt. Hollett, Wingham	70
Mrs. Petton, Stratford	68
Sister McDonald, Goderich	65
Lient. Smith, Goderich	62
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Howcroft, Strathroy	60
Lient. Edwards, Strathroy	60
Capt. Campbell, Paris	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	55
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	52
Mrs. Sykes, Stratford	52
Sister Foster, Petrolia	50
Lient. Fenney, Blenheim	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgedown	50
Lient. Stekells, Sarnia	50
Fred Palmer, London	40
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Sarnia	40
Lient. Groombridge, Clinton	40
Capt. McCutcheon, Gaophil	42
Lient. Mailey, Leamington	42
Lient. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Lient. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	40



READERS IN THE C. O. P. LIBRARY: "Well, now, hasn't Nigger got a move on this week! It looks as if he is in for getting ahead of Arab. We will watch him closely."

Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	22
Sergt. Fletcher, Stratford	20
Bro. M'Grover, Hespeler	20
J. S. S.-M. Hunter, Hespeler	20
Capt. Marion, Palmerston	20
Capt. Johnson, Forest	20
Sister Egan, Forest	20
Capt. Carr, Ridgeway	20
Sister Rose Ellis, Dresden	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Lient. Cranck, Clinton	20
Ensign State, St. Thomas	20
Susie Hooper, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hamilton, Drayton	20
Mrs. Fuller, Chatham	20
Maze-Smith, Tilsonburg	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

Lient. Parker, Hamilton I.	159
Adit. Moore, St. Catharines	100
Sister Walker, Tilsonburg	85
Nellie Richennie, Lindsay	75
Capt. Clark, Owen Sound	65
Lient. Bond, Owen Sound	60
Lient. Porter, Barrie	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	55
Capt. Bryant, Omemee	55
Ensign Hyde, Lindsay	53
Ensign Walker, Tilsonburg	50
Lient. Bushby, Richmond St.	50
Lient. Lamb, Penetanguishene	50
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	50
Lient. Marshell, Fergusham	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Capt. Remond, Sudbury	50
Lient. Patten, Sudbury	50
Capt. Craig, Hamilton	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	48
Lient. Patten, Collingwood	48
Capt. Loft, Gravenhurst	48
Lient. Bone, Bracebridge	48
Capt. White, Riverside	48

Lient. McLennan, Newmarket	44
Sergt. Trafton, Temple	40
Cadet McInnis, Temple	40
Lient. Phillips, Midland	40
Adit. Desbrisay, Barrie	40
Lient. Carwardine, Bowmanville	39
Capt. Nyland, Brampton	37
Lient. Stekells, Parry Sound	37
Lient. Leggot, Riverside	37
Capt. Poole, Chesley	37
Lient. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Capt. Marshall, Uxbridge	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Bro. Dixon, Temple	35
Sergt. Stephens, Cathcart	35
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	35
Cand. Smith, Midland	35
Capt. Cappe, Elginont	35
Capt. Tait, Orangeville	35
Capt. Shewlin, Orillia	35
Capt. Greavett, Orillia	35
Capt. Connors, Dundas	35
Lient. Pencock, Dundas	35
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	35
Sister Matheson, Lillooet St.	35
Lient. Liddard, Aurora	35
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	35
Mamee McCarney, Riveleids	35
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	35
Sergt. Currell, Temple	35
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	35
Capt. Kivell, Lillooet St.	35
Capt. Wilson, Lillooet St.	35
Treas. Evelyn, Oshawa	35
Capt. Howerton, Fenelon Falls	35
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	35
Sister Lightfoot, Hamilton	35
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	35
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	35
Sister Bowerman, Newmarket	35
Lient. McGregor, Orangeville	35
Emily Howell, Riverside	35
Capt. Wilson, Oshawa	35
Capt. McDonald, Temple	35
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	35
Sister Gilbert, Temple	35

EAST vs. WEST. NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

35 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Wmblies	174
Capt. Wlek, Edmonton	105
Sergt-Major Curtis, Banff Portage	85
Cadet Dearden, Rat Portage	85
Einsig Taylor, Calgary	85
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	75
Lient. Gamble, Medicine Hat	53
Mrs. Adjt. McAlmon, Wmblies	51
Adjt. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. Stockes, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Barriger, Fort William	47
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	45
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	45
Capt. Cronerty, Selkirk	45
Lient. McRae, Fort William	41
Lient. Custer, Red River	41
Capt. O'Connor, Colgate	40
Lient. Peter, Lethbridge	40
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	40
Sergt. Irwin, Carman	40
Lient. Quot, Portage la Prairie	35
Einsig Hayes, Port Arthur	33
Capt. Hall, Lillooet	31
Capt. Busson, Minot	31
Capt. Fall, Grafton	30
Lient. Miller, Minot	30
Cadet Price, Wmblies	25
Sergt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	25
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	25
Uncle Dan Reece, Neepawa	25
Capt. Mercer, Moosomin	25
Capt. Keamie, Emerson	25
Cadet Oxenlorder, Rat Portage	25
Lient. Cook, Grafton	25
Capt. Askin, Hanover	25

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	125
Capt. Elizabeth, Butte	125
Capt. Gile, Butte	125
Capt. Karl, Vancouver	125
Capt. Stevens, Rossland	125
Capt. Cain, Revelstoke	125
Lient. Johnson, Spotsme	125
Sister Macdonald, Helena	125
Lient. Boyer, Kaliwell	125
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	125
Capt. Miller, New Whiteman	125
Capt. Scott, Victoria	125
Sister Wallender, Roseland	125
Sergt. Moody, Vancouver	125
Sarah Bailey, Port Essington	125
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	125
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	125
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	125
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	125
Sister Knudson, Helena	125
Capt. Nesbitt, Missoula	125
Bro. Preston, Spokane	125
Sister Thomas, Spokane	125
Capt. Thoen, Roseland	125
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	125
Sister Little, Victoria	125



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